

# *The* American Girl

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MARCH

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

1942



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# SUCCESS STORIES

## FROM THE NATIONAL JUNIOR SEWING CLUB



**"I wish I could be a Red Cross nurse or fly a bomber!"** I told Daddy. But he said there were better ways for girls like me to help. "For instance," he said, "if I didn't have to buy so many dresses, I could buy more Defense Bonds to help build airplanes for Uncle Sam."



**It started me thinking.** I could save a lot of money if I made my own clothes. And I could learn to make them free if I joined the National Junior Sewing Club. I decided to call up the Singer Sewing Center where the club meets. Immediately!



**I was all thumbs at first.** But the teacher was so patient. She showed me how to run a sewing machine, and how to lay out a pattern, and baste. Dressmaking is really fascinating, once you start. At some of our meetings, we're going to do Red Cross sewing, too.



**MEMBERSHIP PIN**—presented to full-fledged members of the National Junior Sewing Club.

**DIPLOMA**—presented to all girls making a dress and taking part in the Club's Fashion Show.

**SCOUT CLOTHING BADGE**—The lessons and instructions received at the National Junior Sewing Club will help you earn Girl Scout Clothing Badges.



Hollywood Pattern No. 752

**"My little war helper!"** said Daddy proudly, but we both had to admit I had helped myself to a pretty smart dress, too. All the money I save on clothes goes into war stamps. And you'd be surprised how many war stamps I've bought with my Sewing-savings.

### NO MEMBERSHIP FEE!

Any girl, between the ages of 12 and 16, can join the National Junior Sewing Club. Sewing meetings are held after school or on Saturdays, at your Singer Sewing Center. You can join alone, or with a group of your Girl Scout friends. Call at your Singer Shop for full information.

*The National Junior Sewing Club is an Educational Program sponsored by*

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# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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### THE AMERICAN GIRL

MARGARET MORAN, Advertising Representative

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HERSELF *painted by* ROBERT HENRI



# THE AMERICAN GIRL

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ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

MARCH • 1942

## SABASTINE and MOIRETA

By KATHARINE O. WRIGHT



DARA MCDARA DIRANNE, THE STORYTELLER OF INISHMORE, SHOWING THE SPINNING WHEEL HE MADE FOR THE DOLLS SO THEY WOULD FEEL AT HOME IN FOREIGN PARTS. HE IS HOLDING THE MAGIC DOLL, SABASTINE, KING OF THE FAIRIES, AN EERIE BEING OF UNCANNY POWER



VIOLET POWELL SHORTLY AFTER HER ARRIVAL IN AMERICA, WITH TWO ARAN ISLAND PORTRAIT DOLLS AND AN ANTIQUE WAX DOLL, DATED 1710 (RIGHT), WHICH SHE DISCOVERED IN A DUBLIN SHOP



AN OLD FISHERMAN ON HIS WAY TO MEET THE STEAMER FROM THE MAINLAND. HIS HOMESPUNNS WERE WOVEN ON THE ISLAND. HIS SHOES, OR PAMPOOTIES, ARE MADE OF RAW COWHIDE. HE LOOKS VERY LIKE THE ANTIQUE WAX DOLL MISS POWELL IS HOLDING IN HER LEFT HAND



Out in the Atlantic Ocean, twenty-one miles off the west coast of Ireland, lie the Aran Islands. There are three of them—and now twist your tongue for some Gaelic! Their names are Inishere, Inishmaan, and Inishmore, which simply means Little Island, Middle Island, and Big Island—though the biggest is only nine miles long and three miles across. Their rocky cliffs rise to four hundred feet, and in a storm the waves that strike them seem to rise even higher than the cliffs. Wind-swept and wave-swept, the Aran Islands guard the wide mouth of Galway Bay.

To reach them from the delightful provincial town of Galway takes anywhere from two and a half to seven hours by steamer, depending upon weather and tide. And as landing a boat on the islands is precarious, they have remained remote

*Whether or not you believe in fairies, you'll surely have to credit the magic that started Violet Powell making portrait dolls of the Aran Islanders and led her to bring the fairy protectors of the dolls on her trip to America*

and detached from coastal Irish life. When you lie on the cliffs of the Aran Isles and look over, the water comes swirling with great force against the rocks, and the cries of gulls, curlews, gannets, and puffins mingle with the roar of the ocean. You can be out of doors there all day without seeing a soul, and there is always on the salt breeze the clean smell of iodine from the kelp. There are great crevasses in the gray limestone, into which, if you fell, you might never be found.

It was there that St. Patrick built one of his first monasteries—and that makes a person realize how ancient are the islands and the life of their people. You begin to feel, after you have stayed there a while, that you yourself have lived for unnumbered years.

The rocky islands are dotted with tiny green fields and white cottages. The fields are walled with loose stones. When



CURRAGHS, CANVAS-BOTTOMED BOATS WELL ADAPTED TO THE ROCKY COAST, ARE USED BY THE ARAN ISLANDERS



BETTY RIVERS, DARA, THE STORYTELLER, AND OTHER MEN OF ONAGHT PAUSE FROM LOADING A CART WITH PEAT, TO HAVE A PICTURE SNAPPED

cows and sheep are to be put into a field to graze, a section of the wall is taken down so the animals may enter, and then replaced to keep them from straying. Originally the Islanders made the soil of their gardens by carrying baskets of seaweed up from the shore. This was spread upon the rocks and walled in.

Here and there one finds small fields enclosing nothing at all, and these are sometimes regarded as fairy ground on which no man would build. Aran folk believe in fairies and provide for them. A new baby is quickly buttered to protect it from the Little People, who might fancy it for their own. Indeed, fairies are a part of everyday life. In the Gaelic, there are good and bad fairies. The thing to do is to get in with the good ones, which is evidently what Violet Powell, a girl from Dublin, did when she went to stay a year on the islands.

Some of you have seen the delightful "Folk and Fairy Dolls," brought to America by this young sculptress, who made them. They have received a warm welcome here. Shirley Temple had to have six, various museums and collections have acquired them, big stores have them for sale, and in Chicago they took first prize at the Hobby Fair. And no wonder! They have the faces of the Aran folk themselves. There is Dara McDara Diranne, professional storyteller; his buxom wife, Kautch; Eamon, their small son; and many another—all clad in bright homespuns made by the Islanders, and true to life down to the last little head shawl and tiny cowhide shoe. And somehow these dolls have a magic about them. That is evident the minute you set eyes upon them.

Faithful replicas of the Islanders



ABOVE: CLOSE-UP OF TWO PORTRAIT DOLLS.  
BELOW: MISS POWELL IN ARAN ISLAND DRESS

the dolls are—all but two. Those two are faithful replicas of the Fairy King himself, Sabastine, and Moireta, his wife, the Queen. And while these two wierd little figures may be seen with the other dolls, they are left in no museum and not for love nor money would Miss Powell part with them. Sabastine and Moireta she did not make herself; they were copied from the original fairies by Dara McDara Diranne, the storyteller. When you see them, or when you see their photographs in this article, you must not make fun of them—for they have the power of casting spells, and they insure protection for the other dolls, for Miss Powell, and for the Islanders themselves back on Inishmore.

Now, whether you believe in fairies or not, before you finish reading this you will have to admit that they have had a good deal to do with the success of Violet Powell and her dolls. For back of the artist and her models lies the real adventure of one girl who, longing to be an artist, found no chance in city life, but did have doors of opportunity opened to her by simple folk and the fairies they believe in.

Born in Dublin, on the east coast of Ireland, Violet went to school, specialized in art, traveled on the Continent, paddled on the River Liffey which flows past her garden, and hoped and prayed for an opportunity to model and paint. For a short time she taught art; then, somehow, it was relegated to night work and week-ends, while Violet had to take a secretarial job. She was probably none too good at it, because all the time her fingers were swiftly typing, they itched to be modeling clay! Perhaps too many of us remain in cities, where fairies,

if they are silly enough to stay, are less obvious. To be free to travel with one's own work seemed to Violet the perfect life, but that was not easy to accomplish. Little did she know at the time that the Islanders, with their great sense of freedom and timelessness and their simple philosophy of life, were going to solve her problems.

Then, one summer, she and a Scottish friend decided to spend their two weeks' vacation on the Aran Islands. It took most of one day to go by train from Dublin across Ireland to the west coast. They spent the night in Galway, the ancient name of which is, "The City of the Tribes." Next morning the steamer, *Dun Aengus*, was due to leave at six thirty, but although the girls were down at the quayside before six, they could not depart until after eight o'clock because of weather and tide.

The two girls were not prepared for the excitement that was ahead of them at Inishmaan, the middle island. It happened to be market day, and as neither of the two other islands have harbors, the *Dun Aengus* dropped anchor a mile off shore. The Islanders hurried out in their little canvas-bottomed boats, called curraghs, to get provisions from the mainland and to ship back a few cattle. Behind the curraghs the horses and cattle were made to swim, their heads held above water by the man in the stern of each tiny boat. The Gaelic chatter fascinated the girls, but they were distressed by the livestock, which was hauled up by pulleys to the steamer from the curraghs alongside. Then what a squealing and bleating and shouting took place!

Presently Violet and her friend found themselves being lowered over the side and going ashore in one of the small curraghs. Their landing was difficult because the water came swirling with great force over the rocks. Tethered at the quayside were two donkeys. These long-eared ones carried the girls across Inishmaan to the cottage where they were to stay—jolting and bumping over a rocky road full of the worst potholes Violet had ever seen. Sometimes the girls were aware only of a world of gray limestone, and then again the island would spread before their eyes from sea to sea, tiny white villages, green gardens, fairy plots, and all.

(Continued on page 32)



PORTRAIT STUDY OF DARA MCDARA DIRANNE, THE STORYTELLER OF INISHMORE, WHOSE OWN NAME IS LIKE MUSIC. ABOVE: SABASTINE AND MOIRETA, THE FAIRY KING AND QUEEN, WHO "PROTECT" THE ARAN ISLAND DOLLS ON THEIR TRAVELS



KAUTCH, WIFE OF DARA, AT HER SPINNING WHEEL. ISLANDERS SPIN WOOL FROM THEIR OWN SHEEP AND HAVE IT WOVEN BY ISLAND WEAVERS. LEFT: A ROAD ON INISHMAAN THE MIDDLE ISLAND. DONKEYS WITH "STRADDLE BASKETS" ARE USED TO CARRY PROVISIONS



# JANEY AND HIPPOCRATES

JANEY LEWIS, her flaming hair still up in bobby pins, the belt of her terry cloth robe wound tightly around her waist, leaned her elbows on the sill of her open window and craned out into the cold February morning. She sighed deeply.

Her father, in his shirt-sleeves, passing her room on the way from the bathroom, put his head in at the door. "Janey—what the dickens are you doing?"

She turned and smiled at him vaguely. "Oh, I'm just looking."

"Looking!" He went on to his room. "Mooning out the window at eight o'clock in the morning—I thought girls only mooned when there were stars to gaze at."

Which, Janey thought, showed how little fathers can know at times. It

was not at stars she wanted to gaze. Her eyes returned to the object of her sighs—Polyclinic Hospital on Quaker Hill, its outflung red brick buildings dominating the crest. The flag atop the pole on the solarium flapped in the wind, the windows winked in the glare of the early sun, smoke belched from the several stacks. The hospital!

Her wistful gaze rested on the ivy-covered building that was the nurses' home. A few hours earlier, the doors of the building had opened and a line of white-clad figures had filed out, passed along under the naked branches of the elms, to the hospital. They had been going, those young women, to work—real work that meant something. All day they would be hurrying down the linoleum-floored, antiseptic-smelling corridors, caring for the sick, moving through the wards with their trays, taking temperatures, changing bandages, giving medicine, assisting in the operating theater, taking orders from doctors, doctors like—well, like young Doctor Bill Mallory.

That's what the nurses would be doing, while she, Janey,

"HERE SHE COMES NOW," SAID TAD AS JANEY APPROACHED THROUGH THE RAIN, "SHE DOES LOOK LIKE LADY MACBETH"





*When Yes-We-Can Janey got a bee in her bonnet, there wasn't much that Tad, Mac, or Candy could do about it. A Girl Scout Service Bureau story*

by NANCY TITUS

was going to brush her teeth, put on her sweater and skirt, eat oatmeal and a boiled egg, and walk to school with Candy and Mac; she was going to learn French verbs and problems in intermediate algebra; concern herself with Cicero who had been dead thousands of years. And after school she would be at the hospital with a group of other Girl Scouts from the Service Bureau of West Haven, reading to the youngsters in the Children's Ward.

She pulled in her head, slamming down the window. "Nothing that counts," she muttered, viciously unwinding the belt of her robe. "Just reading a story!" She pulled off her pajama top and flung it on the bed.

It wasn't that Janey didn't believe in the Service Bureau, that she didn't believe it was doing good—for she really did. But she wanted to do more than that—she wanted to be a

nurse herself, especially since nurses were so needed in war-time. The hospital with its sense of drama, its bustling nurses, its grave doctors, its hush, its cleanly odors, had gone straight to her imagination. She had always thought she wanted to be a writer, but now she felt that that was a selfish ambition. Nursing was what she wanted to do—but it would be so long before she could be a full-fledged nurse! The war might even be over by then.

An hour later Janey met Candy Jamison and Mac Porter, the other two thirds of that close-knit trio of West Haven's Girl Scout Mariners, at the corner of her street. They greeted her with their usual thumps on the back and their customary greeting, "Hello, moron!" but Janey responded with only half her customary enthusiasm.

"You going up to the hospital this afternoon with us?" Candy asked.

"I guess so."

"Mrs. Saunders says she's had requests for some of us to write letters for patients," Mac added.

"Oh," Janey murmured flatly.

Mac and Candy exchanged glances that said, "Oh, dear, if only she hadn't caught this bug!"

Tad Tyler had crossed the street and joined the group. "Hi, Red, what are you doing? Communing with the spirits?" he demanded.

Janey frowned. "Hello," she said coolly.

"What's the matter with you, anyway, these days?" he asked. "You're always in a daze. Do you hear voices? Maybe it's Cicero telling you that Cataline wasn't such a bad egg after all!"

"Is that a tune you're playing on your vocal chords, or are you just exercising them?" Janey asked. But her heart wasn't in the old feud with Tad.

It was funny, but lately Tad seemed to have changed. His troop met to-day and he wore his uniform. It had always been an unadmitted opinion of Janey's that he was particularly good-looking in his uniform, with the scarlet tie and the badges over sleeves and chest. But to-day that uniform seemed uninteresting—so much less striking than an intern's whites.

It seemed to Janey that everyone had changed in the past few weeks, even Candy and Mac. Never before had there been a time when the three of them did not see eye to eye, but now they couldn't understand her newborn ambition.

"I don't get her!" Tad turned to Mac. "What's struck her, anyway?"

Mac and Candy glanced at one another again. If even Tad—who, no matter what he said, usually thought anything Janey did was unquestionably right—was all agog, then it must be getting bad. Something would have to be done about Janey.

Both were remembering the day when handsome young Doctor Mallory had spoken to the girls in the hall of Polyclinic Hospital. "How do you kids like it here?" he had asked.

They had all said, "We love it," and Janey had added, "I've always thought that nurses were just people who swished around and woke you up too early and wore starched uniforms. I've just begun to realize, since we've been here, all they really do."

He had flashed her a look of admiration. "I'm glad somebody sees that. Nurses are usually passed up and all the glory goes to doctors. If people would only understand that doctors could accomplish little or nothing without nurses behind them, doing all the small, unpleasant, necessary tasks!"

After that encounter Janey had said in a determined voice, "I'm going to be a nurse." There had been the same purpose in her voice that there had

Illustrated  
by  
SYLVIA  
HAGGANDER



been when she had determined that West Haven Girl Scouts should have Yes-We-Can House, when she had decided that there was a way to persuade Miss Emily Lever to head the Mariner troop.

That afternoon, when the girls from the Service Bureau arrived at Polyclinic, they saw Doctor Mallory talking to the pretty floor nurse of the Women's Ward. He greeted them as old friends and asked what their job was for the day.

"We've got something new," Mac told him. "We're writing letters for women patients."

"Good," he said. "Occasionally a nurse has time to write for them, but they're usually pretty busy. Isn't that so, Lily?"

The floor nurse laughed, "We certainly are!"

Janey thought, "Well, no matter how much he appreciates our helping out, he still thinks the nurses do the real work."

"Wait a minute!" the intern called as the girls moved on. "There's something I want to speak to you about." He caught up with them. "We've an old man downstairs in one of the semi-private rooms who needs somebody like you kids to pick him up. He's Captain Frost, an old seaman. He used to be captain of one of the lime-juicers which made the trip around the Horn. He's seventy-five and has just pulled out of pneumonia. He's all right now—but we can't seem to cheer him up. He has no family and his only love seems to have been the sea. He won't read any of the books we bring him, and he won't listen to the bedside radio I rigged up for him. He never has visitors, or mail. I think, and so does Dr. Harberd, my chief, that you girls could help him. When you're through with your letters, why don't you go down as a delegation and call on him? I'll tell Lily to direct you."

He looked straight at Janey. She said, "We'll try." Once she would have leaped eagerly at the challenge, but now the task of cheering an old man seemed trifling.

**T**HE old sailor's bed was drawn up before the window that gave on the downward slope of the hill and on the small patch of Long Island Sound which could be seen through the laced, bare branches of the trees. But he wasn't looking out of the window, he was staring at the ceiling. The other beds in the room were unoccupied.

The girls stood just inside the door, not knowing what to say. The old man must have heard them, but he didn't turn his head to look. In spite of his long siege of illness, his skin was still weather-beaten brown and his face looked like a wrinkled russet apple. His hair and his thick beard and mustache were silvery white.

"Hello," ventured Darcy Hunter, advancing a step into the room.

The old man glanced at her with blank eyes.

"We've come to pay you a visit," Mac said with forced cheerfulness. But there was no kindling of the old, faded, blue eyes.

A little knife of pity twisted in Janey's heart. She walked to the bed, forgetting for the moment that she wanted to be a nurse, forgetting everything except the old man who did not seem to care about living. "Have you seen how blue the Sound is to-day?" she asked.

"The Sound?" A tiny spark of interest glimmered far down in the old sailor's eyes.

"Yes," Janey smiled, "Long Island Sound. I guess it's really a piece of the Atlantic Ocean that got lost this side of Long Island."

He turned his head and looked out at the patch of blue water, glimmering through the trees.

Candy quickly caught the suggestion. "I suppose it's not much of a body of water, but we like it. We all belong to the Mariner Ship of the Girl Scouts in this town. We learn all sorts of things about sailing and the water. We've never been to the ocean side of the island, but we took a couple of long cruises this summer."

Mary Boyd put in, "Tell him about the time we all went down in diving helmets in Glen Cove, Janey."

The old man remained silent as Janey told the story, and made no comment when she was through. But each of the girls went on to tell some experience of their Ship. To none of the recitals did he give interest, nor, when the girls left, did he say good-by, or turn to watch their going. He kept his eyes glued on the bit of blue through the trees.

"But he's looking at something," Janey said as they went down the hospital steps. "Oh, the poor old thing! I wonder if he'd like it if we

brought those recordings we made of us all singing chanteys and—" The shriek of the ambulance siren interrupted her. They turned their heads and saw the white car tear away from the emergency entrance and go racketing down the drive.

Janey forgot what she had been about to say. There went some intern to save a life—and she and the other girls had spent the afternoon trying to get a smile. Of course it was good to bring cheer to invalids, but when you stacked such jobs up against immensely bigger things, they lost all meaning. That was the trouble. Yet she kept up her visits to Captain Frost, along with the other (Continued on page 41)



HEWILDERED JANEY PEERED AROUND THE EDGE OF THE SCREEN

# GOOD NEIGHBORS and OLD FRIENDS



*The second of two articles on the Americas—this one telling of Latin America's contributions in the fields of science, art, and industry to her northern neighbor*

By CARLOS J. VIDELA



THE fourth of April, 1816, a strange ship left the port of Baltimore. It was the schooner *Romp*, carrying a mysterious cargo known only to the captain and one or two of the officers. A strong wind was blowing, and soon the *Romp* rounded the mouth of the Delaware and made for the south.

Two days later the ship was off the Virginia Capes, when the captain called all the crew on deck. "Men," he said, "I want to tell you that we are going on a very long voyage. We may not even come back to Baltimore. I want to make sure that every piece of equipment on board is in good condition. I will need extra sails. I want them ready. We are carrying some special equipment in our holds. We'll get it out in a few days. Meanwhile, I want you all to know that work will be hard, but that every one of you will be well compensated. That's all."

That man was Captain Squire Fisk of the United States Navy, although in command of a merchant vessel. He had been appointed a naval captain at the outbreak of the war of 1812, and he kept that rank until August 23, 1816, when he was discharged for the very good reason that you will learn shortly.

Ten days after making that little speech, Captain Fisk again called his men on deck, and this time he gave them the big news.

"The American schooner *Romp*," he announced, "has been purchased by the government of the United Provinces of the River



These Photographs by the Grace Line

LEFT, ABOVE: A CHARACTERISTIC STREET SCENE IN PERU WHERE LLAMAS ARE THE BEASTS OF BURDEN OF THE HIGH ANDES. THE STONE WALLS OF THIS NARROW WAY DATE BACK TO THE DAYS OF THE INCA EMPIRE

RIGHT, ABOVE: HAULING SUGAR CANE IN VENEZUELA. AMERICAN-OWNED MILLS IN CUBA AND THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC GIVE US THE SUGAR FOR OUR COFFEE, WHICH WE IMPORT FROM EIGHT COUNTRIES IN LATIN AMERICA

ABOVE: DINING IN THE PATIO OF A CHILEAN HACIENDA. LATIN AMERICA HAS PROVIDED A GOOD LIFE FOR NORTH AMERICANS ENGAGED IN TRADE OR INDUSTRY



RIGHT: THESE THREE-MILE HIGH MOUNTAINS BEHIND LIMA, PERU, SECRETE RICH METALS WHICH LONG AGO LURED THE SPANIARDS TO CONQUEST, AND TO-DAY CONTRIBUTE TO MODERN INDUSTRIES AND HEMISPHERE DEFENSE

BELOW: CHILEAN COWBOY ON A CORRAL FENCE CUTS A DASHING FIGURE. HIS ARGENTINE COUNTERPART WAS THE INSPIRATION FOR A SERIES OF PORTRAITS OF GAUCHOS BY THE FAMOUS ARGENTINE ARTIST, QUIRÓS

Photographs by the Grace Line



Photograph by the Grace Line

BELOW: A LANDSCAPE BY QUIRÓS, FROM A COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS OWNED BY THE INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION



Plate. The transfer of ownership will now take place, followed by the change of flags. Mate, proceed with the ceremony."

The mate advanced and gave the order, "Ship's company, off hats!"

The crew removed their hats. Then, while the men watched in surprised silence, the Stars and Stripes began to come down, slowly, while on another halyard another flag

was slowly raised—the white and blue emblem of the United Provinces of the River Plate, which, a few years later, became the Republic of Argentina.

Twenty-one guns were fired as a salute to the American flag, and another twenty-one in honor of the white and blue.

"This ship is now the Argentine warship *Santafecino*," exclaimed Captain Fisk. "Our destination is the coast of Spain, and our mission is that of destroying Spanish commerce. This ship is now a corsair, and will be run as a man-of-war. Mr. King," he said, speaking to the mate, "set the watch."

And that is how the *Romp* of Baltimore, manned by American sailors, became an Argentine corsair. Out of the holds came many cannon, which were set on the decks.

The *Daily Compiler*, a newspaper published in Richmond, Virginia, carried this news on June 24, 1816: "Nearly one hundred American, Portuguese, Danish, British, and other vessels were stopped by the *Santafecino* on this cruise, in the war between Buenos Aires and Spain, but they were all treated with courtesy, being neutrals. The conduct of the *Santafecino* was always that of a properly accredited corsair. Prisoners were treated humanely and their private property was invariably returned to them. She always respected neutral nations."

That was one of the many episodes that marked the beginning of the naval cooperation between the new country, Argentina, and American seamen. Between 1816 and 1821 about sixty American ships, with about thirty-five hundred men, most of whom were Americans, fought on the side of the United Provinces of the River Plate in their wars of independence. The city of Baltimore, especially, outfitted many of these vessels, and gave the government of Buenos Aires generous help.

While this naval help was being given to the Argentines, other Americans with ships and men went to the aid of Colombia, on the northern coast of South America, to help the patriots in their war for liberation from Spain. In return for this valuable help, the former Spanish colonies in South America gave the Americans many concessions. Not a few Americans established homes in those lands, and some married Spanish-American girls and prospered.

Since those faraway days of over a hundred years ago,



Americans from the United States and Americans from the southern countries—Americans all—have given each other much. In war and in peace, and despite quarrels now and then—even brothers quarrel once in a while—each has derived profit and pleasure from dealing with the other.

And now, in the face of the threat from the totalitarians who have made war on us, the nations to the south have turned their eyes toward the United States and have declared their intention to help this country win the war. Just as the United States gave them a helping hand when they needed it, they are now repaying that generosity and friendship.

Men from the United States have found a warm welcome every time they have gone as friends in search of fortune. From mines, from plantations, from factories, the enterprising men from the country of Washington and Jefferson have made a good living in Latin America. Latin America has paid them back generously for their work and their talent.

Few people know, for instance, that some of the richest iron mines in the world are located in southern Chile and operated by an American concern. So rich is this iron ore that it pays the company to maintain a fleet of the world's largest ore ships, to bring it all the way up to the smelters of Pennsylvania. And few people know, too, that Chile is the nation that pays the largest share of the income of the Panama Canal.

Up in northern Chile, in a place with the strange Indian name of Chuquicamata, sprawls a huge copper mine. It is owned by Americans, and is now furnishing this country with thousands of tons of that precious metal, so necessary for national defense.

Further north, in Peru, another tremendous copper mine—Cerro de Pasco—is also American owned. In Colombia a great pipe line climbs over the tops of giant mountains to bring oil to the coast, where American tankers load it and bring it to ports in the United States, to become gasoline for our cars and airplanes, fuel oil for heating our homes, and a thousand and one other things we need in our daily lives. In Central America—in Nicaragua, in Costa Rica, in Guatemala—great plantations, owned by Americans, give us our bananas and many of our pineapples. The American-owned mills situated in Cuba and the Dominican Republic give us the sugar for our

coffee, which comes from eight countries in Latin America.

Yes, from one end of Latin America to the other, you will find Americans engaged in trade and industry, who have been welcomed and are supplying the people in the United States with many things they need.

But there are also other things, having nothing to do with war or trade, that Latin America has been giving the United States over a period of many years, in the continuous exchange that goes on, for the benefit of all.

If you take a walk some summer evening along the wide Avenida Madero in Mexico City, you will hear a lot of American English spoken. Of course, most of those who speak it are tourists who have probably driven. (Continued on page 49)



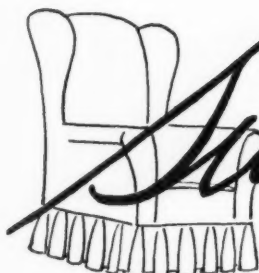
BIDÚ SAYÃO, THE BRAZILIAN SOPRANO, IN HER DRESSING ROOM AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE BEFORE HER PERFORMANCE AS ADINA IN DONIZETTI'S OPERA—"L'ELISIRE D'AMORE"

Photograph by William H. Zerbe, Courtesy of the N. Y. Herald Tribune



"CHILD IN A CHECKED DRESS," A WATERCOLOR BY DIEGO RIVERA, RENOWNED MEXICAN ARTIST, FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART IN NEW YORK

LEFT: THE NATIVE CRAFTS OF LATIN AMERICA ARE COLLECTORS' ITEMS TO THEIR NEIGHBORS IN THE NORTH. HERE ARE EXAMPLES OF GLASS, POTTERY, AND CRYSTAL WARE FROM BRAZIL, ARGENTINA, AND PERU



# Surprise!

By MARY AVERY GLEN

*Dilsey planned one for her mother, but it boomeranged in typical Dilsey style*

**A**CHEERY Saturday morning sun brightened the comfortable living room of the Mercer house. It stole in between the rust-red window draperies and etched the pattern of the lace glass curtains on the scrolls of the creamy old Brussels carpet.

Duster in hand, Mrs. Mercer surveyed the room with an appraising eye. "Yes, I know the old wing chair's a disgrace, Dilsey. We must have it done over. But it'll have to wait till I get back from Cousin Lora Thatcher's."

From a casual perch on the arm of the sofa, Dilsey strengthened her criticism. "It certainly needs it. It is a sight."

"Well, we'll see what Father says," her mother soothed.

The wing chair stood near the fireplace, below the white marble mantel with its tall mirror framed in French gilt. Its size and position gave it a special prominence. Alongside one threadbare arm, a small table held a reading lamp and Mr. Mercer's smoking things.

"What time did you say your train left, Mother?" Dilsey asked. She was beginning to feel forlorn already—her mother so seldom went away. But this visit to Cousin Lora Thatcher in New York had been in the air for months and, now that the winter was practically over and Cousin Lora was back from Florida, it had materialized into a devastating reality.

"At two o'clock," her mother returned absently, still contemplating the chair. Suddenly she turned to face her daughter. "Now, dear, Mother's going to be away for two weeks. That's a long time. While I'm gone, I want you to take a little more responsibility. You'll have your father to



Illustrated by  
ROBB BEEBE

AFTER LONG AND PAINFUL HESITATION DILSEY CHOSE A VELVETY BROCADED MATERIAL, IN COLOR A RICH RASPBERRY RED



look after, you know. Selah's good, but she needs a guiding hand. As far as you can, you must try to take my place. You're a big girl now—it won't be many years before you're really grown up." She crossed the room and kissed Dilsey.

Dilsey wound her arms about her and sniffled. "I wish the two weeks were over."

Mrs. Mercer laughed. "I'm a little homesick myself," she confessed.

In the days following her mother's departure, Dilsey did try to take responsibility. But a reputation for carelessness cannot be lived down in an hour. Selah, the colored maid, went ahead with the cooking and cleaning as usual, and opposed a mulish silence to any evidence of the guiding hand. Mr. Mercer did the marketing, ordering the groceries and the "butcheh meat," as Selah called it, on his way to the office. Once Dilsey hinted that she might relieve him of this care, but he vetoed the idea. On the subject of the family food, he was deaf to suggestion. He preferred to attend to this serious matter himself, although his masculine ordering resulted in a monotonous, though plentiful, succession of beefsteaks and mashed potatoes. Having decided on the perfect dinner, he stuck to it.

There was nothing Dilsey could do for her brother, Stanley, either. During his mother's absence, Stan did not come home from college for his usual week end. His reason could have been stated in a free version of the familiar adage, "What is home without Mom?"

Nothing would have been easier for Dilsey than to slip back unnoticed into her old carefree life. But her pride was involved. This was her opportunity to demonstrate to her family that she really did possess thoughtfulness and domestic initiative. So, one morning, sitting in her mother's place at breakfast and pouring her father's coffee—slopping a little into the saucer—she ventured a drastic proposal.

"Daddy, you know your old wing chair in the living room? Well, Mother wants to have it done over. She talked about it before she went. It's all worn out. But when she gets home, she'll be so rushed with her Red Cross work and Bundles for Britain and everything, that maybe she won't have time. Don't you think it would be a good idea for you and me to have it upholstered while she's gone? For a surprise, I mean. I could go down to *Baker & Pettit's* and select material after school."

Across the table Mr. Mercer smiled indulgently. He was amused at his heedless daughter's new earnestness, and pleased that she seemed at last to be taking hold. "Good work," he said heartily. "How much will it cost?"

"Mother thought about forty-five dollars."

Her father whistled. "Phew! Isn't that pretty steep? Well, your mother's generally right. I guess my bank account's good for it."

Dilsey beamed. She had hardly hoped to catch the holder of the purse strings in so coöperative a mood. "I could have it done in red velvet, or—or something," she said. "On account of the red curtains. Don't you think that would be nice?"

Mr. Mercer pushed back his chair. "Fine. You can't go wrong on red. Go to it, Daughter." Beefsteak and potatoes were matters of vital importance, but the covering of a chair—well, let the youngster try her hand. True, it was expensive, but *Baker & Pettit's* was reliable.

That very day, after school, Dilsey went down to *Baker & Pettit's*. She didn't go, as usual, on her roller skates, or her wheel. She walked—and sedately. And, as she walked, a surprising thought popped into her mind, something that had never occurred to her before. All the boys and girls of her own age, with their ball games and parties and sports, seemed to believe they were the only people in the world who were having a good time. And, really, older people—fathers and mothers—with their more serious doings, were having just as much fun. Like walking in a dignified manner down to *Baker & Pettit's* to order red velvet upholstery for a chair.





"YOU CAN'T GO WRONG ON RED," SAID HER FATHER

In the upholstery section of the country department store, among pyramids of fat sofa pillows and racks of flowered cretonnes, she engaged the attention of a respectful young clerk. He knew her by sight and called her "Miss Mercer." With as much deference as he would have shown her mother, he seated her at a table where she could leaf over his sample books. After long and painful hesitation, she chose a velvety brocaded material, in color a rich raspberry red.

She had so stressed the element of haste—for the two weeks were already dwindling—that a truck from the store called for the chair that same afternoon; and just before closing time Mr. Riddle, the polite young clerk, rang Dilsey up on the telephone to give his estimate. Forty dollars. Dilsey was elated. Five dollars less than her mother had allowed! She began to feel like a woman of affairs.

Awaiting the fulfillment of her order, the days dragged for Dilsey. Passing *Baker & Pettit's* each morning on her way to school, the sight of the show windows gave her an excited sense of importance. But she kept the transaction to herself—a thing unusual for outspoken Dilsey—not telling even her friends, the Merriam girls. It would be fun to surprise them, and to show them, as well as her mother, how capable she had become.

**D**ILSEY was in the hall to meet the chair when it was delivered. Two colored men, shuffling with their load, came up the front steps. And when they took off the protecting burlap, her heart quickened with pleasure. For the thing was undoubtedly a success. It was beautifully made and corded, and the raspberry coloring caught the light with subdued richness. She directed the men where to place it.

But as the van drove away, she was assailed by a sense of doubt. The upholstery work seemed fine and, in the hall, the color had been delicious—but why did the chair look so huge and so new in the living room? In its shabby state it had melted away unobtrusively among the other time-worn furnishings.

And then light dawned. Even Dilsey's unpracticed eye recognized unwillingly where the difficulty lay. The curtains! With the rust-red that draped the many windows in the living room, the raspberry velvet of the chair was an atrocity. For once her father had been mistaken—you *can* go wrong on red. She ought to have taken a sample the color of the curtains down to the store, or have had Mr. Riddle come up to look at them. Dropping into a seat opposite the chair, she stared at it, feeling a little sick.

As she stared, the discord seemed to grow worse. What could she do? The money was spent. She couldn't ask *Baker &*

*Pettit's* to do the chair over. What would her mother say?

She pulled down the shades and lighted the lamps. But that helped not at all. She dragged the furniture about, so as to try the chair in different places, but nothing sufficed to subdue the clash of colors. In that particular room, the raspberry chair was as impossible of digestion as a railroad spike in the stomach of an ostrich.

Crushed under a weight of futile regret, Dilsey went to the kitchen door and called Selah. She wouldn't tell the colored woman of her disappointment and dismay. She would let her get her own impression. Perhaps that would yield a crumb of comfort. But Selah said the wrong thing.

"Oh, yo' Ma gwine be mighty pleased wid dat, Miss Dilsey. She gwine hop aroun'. Dat chair some punkins. Dat'll knock yo' eye out befo' yo' get inside de doah." Unwittingly Selah put her stubby finger on the trouble. That was it, exactly. It knocked your eye out.

On his return from the office, her father was almost as unconvincing, even though he also looked upon the chair with approval. "Good girl, Daughter! That really stands out." He sat down and tested the springs, approving the workmanship. "Very comfortable. They know what they're about at *Baker & Pettit's*." Reaching for his favorite pipe, he settled back and unfolded his newspaper.

"Do you like the color, Daddy?"

"Fair and warmer to-morrow," Mr. Mercer said. He dragged his eyes from the paper to glance briefly down at the chair arm. "Couldn't be better," he assured her, and disappeared once more behind the printed page.

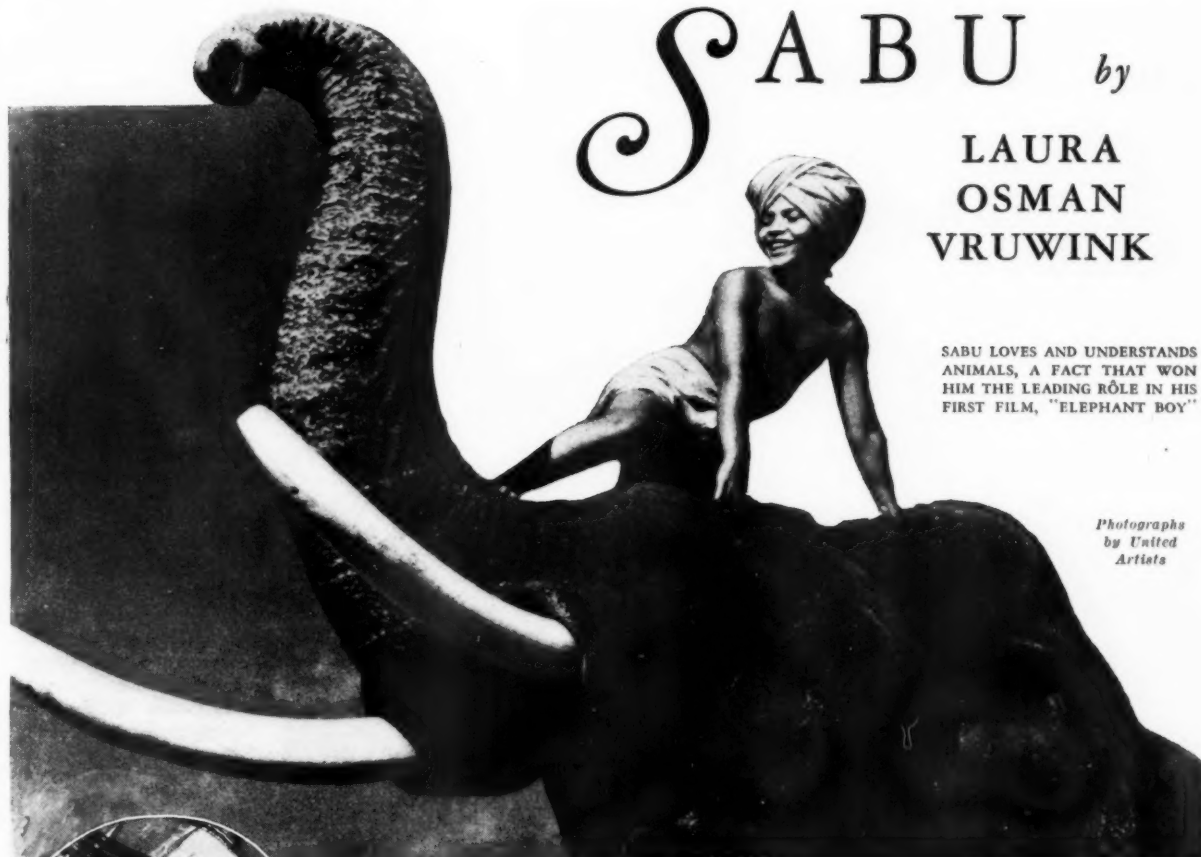
In one mood, Dilsey could hardly wait for her mother's return to roll the burden of disappointment off her spirit. In another, she felt that, much as she loved her mother, it might be a good thing if her parent stayed on indefinitely with Cousin Lora Thatcher. At best it was a relief to know that she would come home on Friday and not on Saturday, for then Stan wouldn't be on hand to witness her humiliation.

Her feet lagged home from school on the day of her mother's home-coming. Mr. Mercer had driven the family car to the station to meet his wife, and Dilsey, at the front window, couldn't help noticing what a happy face he wore as he helped Mrs. Mercer out and escorted her up the steps. "Well, we've got her back, (Continued on page 48)

"DAT CHAIR SOME PUNKINS!" SELAH EXCLAIMED







# SABU by

LAURA  
OSMAN  
VRUWINK

SABU LOVES AND UNDERSTANDS  
ANIMALS, A FACT THAT WON  
HIM THE LEADING RÔLE IN HIS  
FIRST FILM, "ELEPHANT BOY"

Photographs  
by United  
Artists



AS HE APPEARED IN "DRUMS,"  
AN ALEXANDER KORDA PICTURE



*How a strange turn of fortune's wheel transformed  
the life of a little boy, son of an elephant mahout  
in India, and made him into a popular film star*

ON A warm, sunny day in the ancient Indian city of Mysore, a brown, barefoot boy of ten, dressed in a cotton loincloth, was playing truant from school again. It was not that he did not like school. School was all very well if there was nothing more interesting to do. He had no father or mother to see that he attended regularly, and his older brother was too busy with his taxicab to make sure that his little brother was doing his duty. Thus young Sabu Dastagir, for that was the boy's name, was growing up with only a smattering of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but with a great love of play—and no ambition in the world except to own some brightly colored silk to wind into a turban. He did not think about the future because he supposed that, some day, he would become an elephant trainer as his father had been. And there was plenty of time ahead to think about that.

On this particular day he was wishing he could locate some other boys for a game of soccer. Then, too, he had discovered that a gang of boys from another neighborhood was starting

a "war," using homemade firecrackers. He wanted to round up his gang to have a battle with them. This game was a dangerous pastime. But children's play is not directed in that vast, overpopulated land of India as it is in America. It is not against the law to play with gunpowder there, and Sabu admits that games are often dangerous. He almost lost an arm himself in one of the gang battles and he still bears a scar to-day. One of his friends was killed. But on this day only the excitement of the game was in his mind as he wandered, idle and carefree, thinking of the fun ahead.

Then, suddenly, he remembered that it was the day to collect his pension. Sabu's father had been a trusted mahout, or elephant trainer, for the fabulously rich Maharajah, and when he died his orphan son was given a monthly pension by the Government. Sabu started for the palace to get his business over before he sought his pleasure.

As he entered the courtyard he noticed that there were a number of Englishmen standing about—which was unusual. But all thought of them vanished when the coins of his pension were handed him, because he discovered an extra coin in his hand. Visions of cinemas flashed into his mind as, clutching the money, he broke into a run to get away before someone might say it was a mistake. Then he was paralyzed with fear, for he heard his name called. A tall man came up



TO-DAY, AT SIXTEEN, ALEXANDER KORDA'S YOUNG STAR PLAYS MOWGLI IN THE MOTION PICTURE VERSION OF KIPLING'S "JUNGLE BOOK," BRINGING TO THE SCREEN ONE OF LITERATURE'S MOST FAMOUS CHARACTERS—A BOY WHO WANDERED INTO THE JUNGLE AND WAS REARED BY ANIMALS, LEARNING TO SPEAK THEIR LANGUAGE AND TO UNDERSTAND THEIR WAYS

RIGHT: SHERE KHAN, THE MAN-EATING TIGER, ENEMY TO MOWGLI, IN A WILD JUNGLE SCENE



LOWER RIGHT: BALOO, THE BEAR, WHO TAUGHT MOWGLI THE LAWS AND COURTESIES OF THE JUNGLE. VINCENT KORDA DESIGNED THE IMPRESSIVE JUNGLE SETS

and asked him many questions—not about the extra coin at all, but about himself. Sabu was so frightened he could scarcely answer and finally he broke away and dashed for home.

That day, though Sabu did not know it, was to change his whole life. For the tall man who questioned him was making a motion picture in India, and he wanted Sabu to try out for a part in it. When the boy finally understood, he was delighted with the idea. He had seen a few pictures and, just like any American boy or girl, he was enchanted with the thought of acting in one. His mind was made up instantly to get that part if he possibly could.

Other boys were trying out, too, but Sabu wanted the rôle more than anything he had ever wanted in his life before. He stayed at the big house where the Company was living. He did errands, he was always on call, he tried to understand English—and how he wished he had gone to school more regularly and had learned more than just his A B C's! The picture was "Elephant Boy,"—perhaps you saw it? The rôle called for a boy to ride and handle elephants, and this was a lucky break for Sabu. The other boys were afraid of the huge beasts. I asked Sabu if he had ever handled an elephant before and he said, "No, but my father was a mahout and my grandfather before him. For generations my family has trained elephants. I was not afraid." He got the part and, as you know, the picture was a great success.

After that day, six years ago, Sabu never went back to his

old life. He went to England to complete "Elephant Boy" with Alexander Korda, who loved the bright, eager little boy. Since Sabu had not learned to speak English, he had to memorize the lines he spoke in the picture without knowing what they meant, but in England he began his studies in earnest. He was placed at Beaconsfield, a private school about twenty miles from London. He was the youngest pupil there and sometimes he had to interrupt his schooling to go to the studio to work. In America, a child has to go to school every day for a certain number of hours whether he is working in a picture or not, but in England it is different. Sabu had to make up his studies later and he did it. It is almost unbelievable that this Indian boy who, six years ago, knew not one word of English, is to-day, at sixteen, almost up to the grades of other boys his age. In another year, his tutor says, he will be ready to take his place in any school. His English is perfect and to it he has added a collection of American slang.



Sabu loved England. He liked his school and his schoolmates. They formed a soccer team of which he was captain, and called themselves the Spitfires. He says the first year the Spitfires lost only two games, and after that first year they won every game, even against the strongest teams made up of boys of twenty or twenty-one years.

"We were small but fast," he says proudly, speaking reminiscently of his own team. "We had a strong forward line."

Until a year ago, Sabu lived in England, going to school and making pictures. He played in "Drums" there, and also in "The Thief of Bagdad," and then Mr. Korda brought him to Hollywood because he wanted to make a picture of Kipling's *Jungle Books* and Sabu had grown old enough to play the part of Mowgli. This part suits Sabu so well it would almost seem—if one didn't know better—that Rudyard Kipling had had him in mind when he wrote the book.

In India people really believe that small children who wander into the jungle near their homes are taken care of by wolves. They believe the wolves bring up such children with their own cubs, and that these children forget they ever walked erect on two legs, or that they ever knew how to speak human language. Rudyard Kipling was born in India, and he had probably heard these stories and wondered just what might happen if a little lost boy should meet friendly animals who would take care of him. At any rate he wrote the *Jungle Books* about a baby who toddled into the jungle and was rescued from the man-eating tiger, Shere Khan, by Father and Mother Wolf, who raised the baby with their own cubs and named him "Little Frog," or Mowgli. In the stories, Baloo, the sleepy brown bear, taught Mowgli the laws and courtesies of the jungle; Bagheera, the black panther, became his hunting companion and protected him from danger; Kaa, the rock snake, gave him wise advice—and he grew to boyhood as a member of the pack, the Free People. But Shere Khan was always his enemy.

Mr. Korda lived in Hungary when he was a child and he read and reread these stories. The *Jungle Books* were his favorites and when, as a man, he began to make motion pictures he always wanted to make those books into a picture. He knew it would be

RIGHT: SABU AS HE LOOKS TODAY. ONCE HIS AMBITION WAS TO HAVE ONE PIECE OF BRIGHT SILK FOR A TURBAN; NOW HE OWNS DOZENS! "WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY" IS SABU'S MOTTO. HE INSCRIBED IT IN HINDUSTANI FOR READERS OF "THE AMERICAN GIRL" AND SIGNED HIS FULL NAME BELOW THE MOTTO—SABU DASTAGIR



CENTER BELOW: THE JUNGLE VILLAGE ERECTED IN SHERWOOD FOREST FORTY MILES FROM HOLLYWOOD IS AS NEARLY AS POSSIBLE A REPLICA OF THE VILLAGE DESCRIBED IN KIPLING'S BOOKS. LEFT BELOW: A SENSITIVE CAMERA STUDY OF SABU AS HE LOOKED WHEN PLAYING "ELEPHANT BOY"

جب جن سینا تب کام ہوا  
صابو دستگیر



hard to do because he would have to use many wild animals—and how could he make them talk? He would have to have a jungle which would look like an Indian jungle, and of course Mowgli must be played by a real Indian boy. But when Mr. Korda found Sabu, he was sure he could manage the rest—and when you see the picture I am sure you will agree that he has. His plot begins when Mowgli is about twelve years old. After a thrilling escape from his old enemy, Shere Khan, he comes to the edge of the jungle and is captured by people from the village where he was born. What happens then is not all in the original stories, but all the Kipling characters appear and it is like seeing a new chapter of the books.

"But where did they find a jungle if the picture was made in Hollywood?" you may ask. The answer is, "On location." Do you know what "on location" means? It means that a whole company moves away from a studio—many miles, sometimes out of the State—and spends weeks, or even months, at a spot (Continued on page 31)





LITTLE MATT WAS A TIRELESS ADVANCE  
GUARD FOR HIS SISTER AND JOEL WHO  
FOLLOWED HIM IN SILENT COMRADESHIP

# SKY RABBITS

PART SEVEN

*Unlimited*

By ELEANOR HULL

**T**ORN paper napkins, soiled paper plates, cups, crumbs. Kate swept them listlessly out from under the desks, feeling every inch a janitor. Sweeping up the leavings of the school Valentine party. It was like her life—all she had was leavings of moments that had made bright, fugitive promises. In the back yard at home, three empty rabbit hutches and a sign with its face to the wall; in her bedroom, a picture of Aunt Elizabeth—all she'd had, or ever would have, of college or a fuller life.

Kate was finding out that the easiest part of a sacrifice is the decision. That hadn't required any effort at all. Lindalee had to have the brace, and Kate was glad—overjoyed—to have the means to get it for her. But now every day brought sick realization of what she had given up.

It had been bad, helping Joel take the bunnies back to the rabbit farm. The Roncas had bought them from her, reluctant to take them away, glad they could supply the money so badly needed.

It had been worse, ever since, to wake to days dreary and gray without the pleasure of caring for the beautiful and

interesting creatures, blank with the erasure of all her hopes and plans. The only good thing was that Lindalee was being taken care of; but the baby whimpered so with discomfort in her stiff brace that it was hard to think even about her. Kate swallowed, her throat dry and stiff, and leaned against a desk; the broom seemed heavy and hard to manage.

The door banged. It was Joel, and for once he didn't seem to frown on her occupation, or on the dingy turban that covered her bright curls.

"Don't you want to come and let me teach you a bit about skiing this afternoon, Kate?" he asked. "The snow seems just right. We have several pairs of skis around the house, if the others want to go, too. We could go right after lunch, couldn't we?"

The snow, which had fallen two days before, was smooth and hard-crusted, and it still lay in plumes on the dark ever-





Illustrated by  
CORINNE MALVERN

green boughs. After it fell, the cold had settled down and no wind had come up the canyon, or down the canyon, to blow the cold away.

Joel was waiting for Kate and Little Matt as they came up the road. His dark-blue ski suit made Kate feel shabby for Little Matt, who wore stiff old boots and a darned sweater.

"Hello, Brunhild!" greeted Joel. "Let us proceed into Valhalla."

"Ruthie has a cold, so she decided she'd better stay home and work on the sweater," Kate said, as they climbed the trail behind the Ronca house. She pulled a long breath into stiff lungs, realizing that she seemed to have a cold herself, though she didn't intend to be cheated of her skiing. "It is like what you'd think Valhalla might be. Cold and splendid."

"There's a weasel," cried Little Matt, a tireless advance guard, and they saw the incredibly slender thing melt away over the snow that was blue and secret under the trees, and patterned with exquisite borders of tracks. A jay screamed at them and flew with a great flapping of royal blue wings; and a flight of juncos, white-billed, rosy under their black bibs, darted into the trees with a flurry of white tail feathers.

"You feel as if the woods things are always running away just before you come," Kate said softly, "even when you don't hear or see them. You can imagine bright eyes looking at you and little hearts pounding so fast."

"Feathers and fur softly fleeing," Joel quoted appreciatively. "That's the way life is all along, I think. The best things are always just out of sight, and all you can do is wonder about them."

They went on silently, not wanting to disturb the feeling of understanding between them. Kate thought this comradeship was one of the best things, and she was afraid to fright-

## *The arrival of a visitor at the moment of the Browns' desperate need brings to Kate a thrust of bitter self-revelation*

en it off with another word. She was glad she had come, even though she was increasingly conscious of her cold. "Hope I'm not laid up to-morrow," she thought.

They reached the top of the hill, and there swept down before them a free hillside, a great bank of white ready for the skiers' hieroglyphs.

"Oh, boy! What do we do now?" shouted Little Matt.

"This is a nice, easy hill," Joel said, squinting down it expertly. "Seems to me you ought to be able to make it with-

out any bad spills. Well, the best way to learn is by trying. Bend at the knees, hold your body straight but easy and relaxed, and take off."

They strapped on their skis. Joel started down, graceful and slow, then swift and more swift, till he turned and glided into a crouching stop in the valley. He looked up at them and waved.

"You next," Kate suggested, her knees shaky. She felt she ought to stay where she could watch and rescue Little Matt if he needed her.

Little Matt, excited of eye and grim of chin, shoved off, flinging his arms wildly as his skis got ahead of him and flew up in the air while he descended in a white foam of snow.

"Are you all right?" shrieked Kate, and somehow got started herself, without at all intending to. The hill slid up behind her; the white, snowy world raced past; the keen, snow-sparkling air stung her nostrils. There was exquisite pleasure in this flight. She felt herself a god-

dess, albeit a feverish one. And then her skis spraddled out in different directions and she plunged into a drift with a great rolling and bumping of legs and arms.

As soon as she could disentangle herself she looked for Little Matt, and saw him projecting himself down the hill toward her. He passed her, and tumbled again. Joel, with a wide grin, was making chicken tracks up the hill, his skis turned out at a wide angle to each other.

"Not so bad," he called encouragingly. "How'd you like it? It's a lot of fun when you get the knack of it."

### *The Story So Far*

To Kate Brown, just graduated from high school in the tiny Rocky Mountain town of Sky Rock, the future looked bleak. Her aunt, dean of women in a Kansas college, had refused to help her, saying that anybody who really wanted an education could find a way to get it. But Kate's widowed mother had only a small pension with which to support the family—herself, Kate, fifteen-year-old Ruth, and eleven-year-old Matt—and the only available job was that of maid in the home of the Roncas, newcomers who had started an Angora rabbit farm.

Kate decided to apply for the job and was accepted. She enjoyed the new interests revealed by life in the Roncas' home; she loved caring for the rabbits; and she was drawn to Mr. Ronca and to Joel, an attractive but unhappy boy. She did not, however, please Mrs. Ronca. After a number of clashes, Kate was asked to leave, and Ruth, her sister, who had a less vigorous personality, took her place.

Almost immediately arose an embarrassing situation. Song-Dog, Matt's tame coyote, killed one of the Roncas' valuable rabbits. Kate, who had planned to use her hoarded wages to take fragile Lindalee, her baby cousin, to the doctor in Denver, insisted on paying for the rabbit, but the Roncas would only accept her money as part payment for some Angoras they gave her on credit—enough to realize her ambition of starting a rabbit farm of her own. The job of janitor at the schoolhouse was then open and Kate took it, to Joel's disgust.

When the first snow came, Kate covered her rabbit hutches with some Navajo rugs. Joel said the rugs were valuable, so she gave them to his mother for Christmas, as a peace offering. Christmas was a happy day for Kate—on that day Mrs. Ronca started a spinning, weaving, and knitting industry for Sky Rock, and Joel made her a spinning wheel to give to a sick boy who needed an interest in life. She could take Lindalee to the doctor, too, for again she had saved her wages. But when they visited the specialist in Denver, he said the baby must have an expensive brace. How was Kate to get it? Selling her beloved rabbits was the only way.

"It's grand," sang out Kate, imitating his method of ascent. "Wait for me," shouted Little Matt. He started to rush after them, getting completely tangled and flopping down again, indignant and red-faced.

The afternoon flashed by, and hyacinth and rose stole up the sky behind the mountains, and a sharper chill filled the air.

"Mercy, we've got to get home!" Kate exclaimed, starting up the hill for the fifth time, and feeling her muscles ache and rebel.

"It sure was fun. But my throat sure hurts," said Little Matt. "And that hill is sure high. Gosh, I wish we were home!"

"It isn't far, old man," said Joel cheerfully, making a clean, strong trail up the hill.

"But Joel didn't fall down as many times as we did," Kate thought ruefully. "I didn't know you had a sore throat, Little Matt," she reproached.

"I thought I might as well not say anything about it," answered Little Matt reasonably.

By the time they had reached the top of the hill and unstrapped their skis, Kate had become convinced that she was thoroughly ill. The cold wind cut through her jacket and made her soggy boots icy. Her head was throbbing.

"Mom will fix us hot lemonade and put us to bed," she thought yearningly. "She'll know how to fix us up. Maybe it's chicken pox—the Hichenses have chicken pox. Whatever it is, Mom'll take care of it."

Joel drove them home from the rabbit farm, talking en-

thusiastically about turns and stops and telemarks, and Kate, through a blurry haze, agreed.

"Thanks a lot, Joel," she said when they reached home, and left him without a backward glance. The haven of Mom's ministrations!

The house was dark and cold.

"Why—Mom!" Kate called unbelievably from the front hall.

"Kate?" Mom's voice came heavily from the living room. Kate opened the door and, through the chilly dark, saw a bulky, dark shape on the sofa.

"I've just been waiting up till you got home. Ruthie's got a real bad cold, and I'm feeling it some myself. It seemed to come on so sudden. So will you get dinner, Kate, for yourself and Matt? And I'll just go along to bed."

Kate felt like crying. She pulled off her wet cap and wanted to fling it on the floor.

"I feel real sick, too," Little Matt sniffled.

"Mercy sakes," said Mom's tired voice. "Well, come along, Matt, I'll get you to bed, then. Could you make some hot lemonade, Kate?"

Kate stared after them. Her head throbbed and her throat pained and her forehead and palms burned. After a minute she went to the kitchen and fumbled for the matches. With shaky hands she lighted the lamp. There was a skimpy pile of kindling behind the stove, and Kate crumpled a newspaper and piled the kindling blindly on top. She opened a can of chicken soup and added water. She found the lemons in a bag and screwed them around the reamer. They seemed to be full of seeds, and she tried to fish them out, but the spoon was clumsy in her hands and they slipped away.

She heated the lemonade in a pan, caught the soup just before it boiled over, and filled three bowls and three glasses. There was a little lemonade left, and she swallowed the scalding liquid before she started out of the kitchen with the old tin tray held unsteadily in her hands.

It was then that she heard a car stop in front of the house, and steps coming up the walk. She stopped stock-still, the tray in her hands. "I won't open the door," she thought.

She didn't need to. There was a brief jingle of the doorbell, and then the door swung briskly open. Kate stared. A tall, handsome, confident woman (Continued on page 37)

KATE STARED AT THE APPARITION SHAKING THE THERMOMETER, AND HER MIND LEAPED BACK OVER THE ABYSS OF DELIRIUM TO THE MOMENT WHEN THE FRONT DOOR OPENED ON THIS SAME STATELY FIGURE



*The first of a series of stories based on Indian legends of the Creation, retold by the wife of the famous naturalist, Ernest Thompson Seton*



**B**EFORE the beginning of time there was naught but the darkness which knew no beginning. There was nothing behind it, nothing beyond it. In this darkness dwelt the Maker of All Things, the Great Spirit, Wakan-Tanka.

After long deliberation within himself, Wakan-Tanka evolved the fogs and mists of increase. He took in himself the form and power of the Sun; and by this light and heat the cloud mists condensed and became the Great Sea, limitless, shoreless, deep, and encompassing.

On this vast expanse soon appeared a raft, in the center of which sat Nana-bo-jou, the Wonder-Worker, born of the Great Spirit. About him were grouped the various animals which were to inhabit the future world, but as yet there was no Earth on which they might wander.

None knew what to do; but when, as time went on, the animals became more numerous, the raft was inadequate. They were so crowded that they soon began to jostle one another, and many quarrels ensued.

Now Nana-bo-jou saw that he would have to do something to relieve the tension. It was necessary to create some land, but nothing was visible except the endless sea.

Early the next morning, Nana-bo-jou called a council of all the animals. There had been considerable confusion among them during the preceding night, and many a dark look was exchanged.

The animals, engrossed as they were with their own enmities, became attentive when they looked upon Nana-bo-jou's countenance; for his expression made clear to all that he was troubled in his heart at the manner in which they were deporting themselves, and that surely some change was about to be announced.

After a long silence, Nana-bo-jou lighted his peace pipe. He arose, grasped the pipe in both hands, lifted it, then pointing the stem upward intoned, "To Wakan-Tanka, the one Great Spirit, that his wisdom be with us! *Hay-oon-kee-ya! Noon-way!*"

The animals sitting about the circle, in reverent tones replied, "Noon-way! This is our prayer!"

Nana-bo-jou slowly swung the stem of his pipe until it

pointed downward. In a voice of sincere entreaty, he spoke again, "To Maka Ina, Mother Earth, that she may send to us a particle of the world below the sea, that we may therefrom produce a fit and firm place whereon to dwell! *Hay-oon-kee-ya! Noon-way!*"

The animals, even more serious than before, replied in unison, "Noon-way! This is our prayer!"

Nana-bo-jou slowly puffed at his pipe, then blew the smoke toward the first of the World Quarters. He swung the stem in the same direction and chanted, "To Weeyo-Peata, the Sunset Wind, that he come not in his strength upon us!"

Repeating the smoking and the pointing in turn toward the other three World Quarters, he continued, "To Wazi-Yata, the Winter Wind, that he harm us not with his cold! To Weeyo-Hinyan-Pata, the Sunrise Wind, that he trouble us not with his rain! To Okaga, the Hot Wind, that he strike us not with his fierce heat! *Hay-oon-kee-ya! Noon-way!*"

Again the reply came from the circle about, "Noon-way!"

Nana-bo-jou once more grasped the pipe in both hands, held it high horizontally before him, and with eyes raised to the heavens, spoke, "Wakan-Tanka Wakan ne-Kay-Chin, Chandee-eeya pay-yawo! Great Spirit, by this pipe, the symbol of peace and brotherhood, we ask thee to be with us and take part in our council."

As he lowered the pipe, the animals, now all subdued in their anxiety, murmured in unison, "Noon-way!"

Carefully Nana-bo-jou

placed the pipe on the rack which always held it in safety. Then he turned to the inquiring eyes about him.

"My children," he said, "the time has come when we must have a larger, firmer place of abode. This raft is no longer adequate to our rapidly increasing numbers. Because of your crowded condition, dissension is arising among you, and this must not be. The Great Spirit did not intend that his little brothers should quarrel among themselves. Something must now be done to relieve this situation."

All nodded their heads in acquiescence, but with bewilderment in their countenances. None could see an answer to this very evident problem.

Nana-bo-jou went on, "My (Continued on page 35)

## THE CREATION of THE LAND

By JULIA M. SETON



NANA-BO-JOU CALLED A COUNCIL OF THE ANIMALS

Illustrated by ERNEST THOMPSON SETON



# CAN YOU QUALIFY AS A



**F**OR the girl who is interested in aviation and can meet the high physical, personal, and professional requirements, there is no more glamorous and exciting position than that of stewardess on an airliner. The only drawback is that her career is likely to be a short one. Not because the plane is liable to crash—oh, no! Air travel is safer than travel by automobile. The trouble is that hearts do crash—and often—at the feet of the attractive, capable, charming, sports-loving girls who make up the hostess personnel.

Since the average stewardess follows her chosen career only eighteen months before she leaves to marry, many a girl will eventually have a turn at being one of America's thousand-air line stewardesses, working for any one of seventeen different companies. The profession is only eleven years old and has not yet reached its maximum development. With new air lines opening every year and with the great impetus given by the war to aviation and air travel, it is probable that there will be even more positions for women available in the future.

There is no waiting for a job if a girl possesses the proper qualifications, since the major companies are continually advertising for girls to enter training.

What are the traits which determine the selection of a few hundred lucky girls annually from the thousands who apply? The girl must be young—between twenty and twenty-eight years of age, to be exact. She must be petite—between five feet two inches and five feet five inches in height; weight between one hundred, and one hundred and twenty-five pounds. She must have a clear, healthy-looking skin, nice teeth, and a pleasant speaking voice without trace of accent. Her vision must be good so that she need not wear glasses.

All stewardesses are required to have two or three years' education beyond high school. The major air lines require their girls to be experienced graduate nurses. This means completion of a three-year course at an accredited hospital and one year's successful experience in nursing. Some companies have found it impossible to find enough nurses who meet these requirements, so they have also admitted girls from other professions. Stewardesses on these lines were formerly teachers, secretaries, librarians, or they have come from some other profession requiring a similar educational background.

The girl still in high school who is planning to become an air stewardess, and who can meet all the physical requirements, should make sure that she is taking the proper subjects and making a good high school record. She should be enrolled in the college preparatory course and should rank among the upper half, or preferably the upper third, of her class, in scholastic achievement. If she plans to enter a specific nursing school, she should send for a catalog, and determine exactly what subjects are required for entrance. Training in dramatics will help her to develop poise and a pleasant speaking voice. Participation in sports will aid her in keeping fit, and biology, physics, and chemistry are foundation subjects for any study of medicine.

When a girl is ready to enter hostess work, she writes to the company of her choice for an application blank. She fills

it out neatly and carefully and attaches a recent photograph. Some time may elapse before she hears what decision has been made regarding her application. Meanwhile, her references are checked, her character and reputation are investigated, and even her family background is looked up.

It is an exciting day when she receives notice to report for training. She is flown to the nearest training school, where she submits to a physical examination and meets the other members of her class. One Western company maintains a boarding school for its "Sky Sallies," where they reside during their six-weeks course.

The subjects taken up in the schools cover principles of flight, the mechanism of the plane, weather, traffic and ticketing, aviation medicine, and serving of meals. A pilot instructs the girls regarding the engines, the instrument board, and what makes the plane fly. He lets them put on the headphones and hear for themselves the radio beam on which the plane travels. He also shows them the weather instruments and explains the purpose of each. He takes the class to the



Photograph by United Air Lines



Photograph by T.W.A.

THE HOSTESS SERVES MEALS TO PASSENGERS, UNPACKING FOOD FROM THERMOS CONTAINERS AND ARRANGING IT DAINILY ON TRAYS. SHE SPEAKS TO THE PILOT ON THE WORLD'S SHORTEST TELEPHONE—BETWEEN COCKPIT AND REAR OF THE PLANE

traffic control tower above the airport terminal building, and lets the girls see how each landing and take-off is controlled from the ground by radio. The girls visit the ticket office and learn about ticketing. The chief stewardess is usually responsible for instructing the class in aviation medicine, which deals with the use of oxygen at high altitudes, the treatment of air sickness, and of sudden illness or hysteria occurring on board the plane. She also takes up the serving of meals. The hostess is not expected to be a cook, but is merely required to unpack food from the hot or cold thermos containers in which it is carried and to arrange it daintily upon the passengers' trays. The best of food carefully prepared, sterling silver, damask linens, and specially printed menus make it easy to arrange an attractive meal. No dishwashing is required except the rinsing of the silver. Much of the service is from paper containers which are thrown away, and the rest of the dishes are simply packed away neatly and left for the commissary department to handle.

The chief stewardess also gives the girls a "big-sister" talk about grooming, conduct, and the ethics of the profession in



# SKY HOSTESS?



Photograph by United Air Lines

general. Daily bathing, pleasant breath, spic and span uniforms are not only expected but required. Any suggestion of coarseness or vulgarity in speech or action must be avoided, as more than one girl has lost her job when she allowed her manners to become common.

To aid the girls in making their best appearance, the class is taken to a high-class beauty establishment where each girl's hair is styled becomingly and she is advised about make-up and the type of clothes most flattering to her personality.

Final examinations successfully completed, the hostess is measured for her trim, good-looking uniform, which is tailored to her exact measurements and is completed with regulation purse, gloves, and shoes to match. The total cost of the outfit is about \$145.00 and is paid for by

LEAVING FOR HOME AT THE END OF A FLIGHT. BELOW: FEEDING A BABY SO HIS MOTHER MAY EAT UNDISTURBED



Photograph by United Air Lines

*The girl who is looking forward to the glamorous profession of stewardess on an air liner will find information and helpful suggestions in this article by*

**BETTY PECKHAM**

*Illustrated with photographs from her book, "Sky Hostess," published by Thomas Nelson & Sons*

the girl herself through deductions of \$10.00 monthly from her salary.

The stewardess's pay begins as soon as she enters training, with a daily expense allowance of \$2.50. When she is assigned to a regular run, her beginning salary may vary from \$85.00 to \$100.00 per month, but it may be increased with length of service to a maximum of \$135.00 per month. In addition, her living expenses are paid when she is away from her home base, and although she is not allowed to accept tips, she often receives gifts sent to her by grateful passengers.

Her regular hours of work may not exceed 110 per month, but stewardess meetings, beauty care, and regularly scheduled exercise consume additional time. A hostess must always be within reach of a telephone and must let the company know (Continued on page 46)



"COME ON DOWN! THIS HILL IS FINE!" THAT IS THE JOPLY INVITATION IMPLICIT IN THE SMILE OF THIS ALLENTOWN GIRL SCOUT



WHO MINDS A SPILL WHEN THE SNOW IS SOFT AND ONE KNOWS HOW TO RELAX? IT'S PART OF THE FUN! THE ANNUAL WINTER SPORTS DAY OF THE ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA GIRL SCOUTS PROVIDED FUN A-PLenty WITH SKATING, SKIING, SNOW-BALLING, AND SLEDDING, TOPPED OFF BY A SCAVENGER HUNT—THE REWARD FOR WHICH WAS A HUGE BASKET OF APPLES

# LAST



Photograph

A MERRY MOMENT WHEN THE CAMERA ASKED THE SCOUTS LAUGHED AT THEIR COMRADES' ANTI-SNOW. WINTER BECAME INCREASINGLY POPULAR WITH GIRLS WHEN COLD WEATHER, ICE AND SPARKS



LEFT: THESE OUTSCOUTS HAD TO BRUSH THE SNOW OFF THEIR FIREPANS BEFORE THEY COULD START AN OUTDOOR COOKING SKILL OF WHICH HAS PROVED A MAJOR ACCOMPLISHMENT

Photograph by Paul Parker

# CALL for

# WINTER SPORTS



These two photographs by Paul Parker



Photograph by Paul Parker

EVERY MOMENT BY  
CAMERA AND GIRL  
'S LAUGHTER THEIR  
ADES' AND THE  
WINTER HAVE  
ME INCREASED POP-  
WITH GIRL SCOUTS  
COLD WE BRINGS  
AND SPARKS SNOW

"SAY UNCLE?" A SNOW COMPLEX-  
ION TREATMENT SEEMS TO BE THE  
ALTERNATIVE, BUT JUDGING FROM  
THE LAUGHTER IT ISN'T DREADED



THESE OUTLOOKS  
O BRUSH THEM OUT  
THEIR FIRE BEFORE  
COULD START FIRE.  
DOOR COOKS PLAY-  
SKILL OF SCOUTS,  
PROVED A TRUE AC-  
COMPLISHMENT

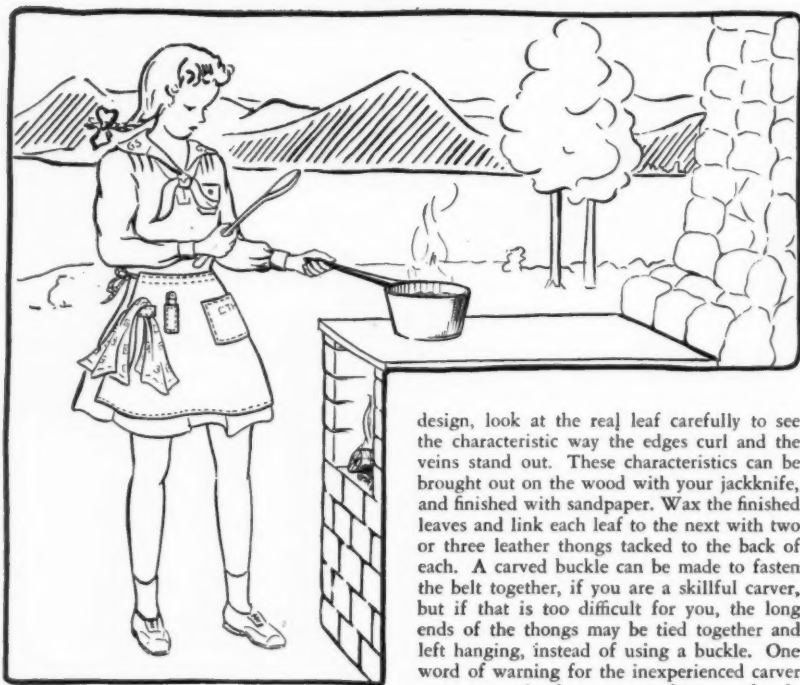
A FEW OF THE THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-  
FIVE ILLINOIS GIRL SCOUTS WHO ENJOYED THE  
SECOND ANNUAL SKATING PARTY, GIVEN AT THE  
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS RINK BY SCOUTS OF THE  
CHAMPAIGN-URBANA COUNCIL. RIGHT: "WOOF,  
WOOF, LET'S PLAY SOME MORE!" BUSTER LIKES  
TO ROMP IN THE SNOW WITH THE GIRL SCOUT  
FRIEND AND PLAYMATE WHO LOVES HIM BEST



Photograph by Paul Parker

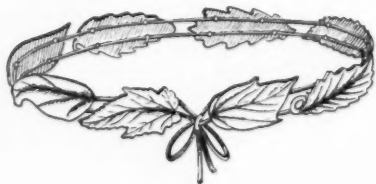
# CAMP EQUIPMENT

## you can make YOURSELF



**N**OW is the time when spring catalogs burst into bloom, and the girl who is planning a camping trip, or a summer of outdoor fun, looks longingly at all of the new gadgets. Compact kits for storing your toilet articles, decorative ties to wear with your favorite camping outfit, belts, pins, knapsacks, and all sorts of interesting equipment can be yours in spite of the price tags, if you make them yourself. Scraps of material, a few tools, and your own ingenuity are all that you need.

Every girl who goes camping year after year has some favorite belt, or pin, or tie that tells a part of the story of her camping experience. A belt of carved wooden links, each



link a leaf from a favorite tree, may serve as record of the friends she has made in the nature field.

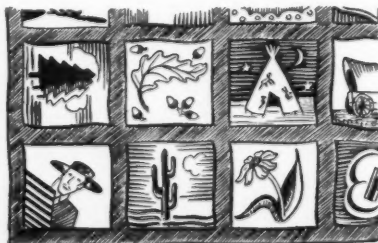
If you would like to make one of these belts, here are the things you will need: Six or eight small blocks of wood, 2 inches by 3 inches by 1/4 inch; leather thongs; small tacks; a knife; sandpaper; and ordinary floor wax. Cedar wood is a favorite for these links, as it is easy to carve and takes a nice finish. Select a leaf from each of your favorite trees and draw its outline on one of the blocks. The general outline may be cut first with a coping saw, and the finishing done with your jackknife. After you have cut out the original

design, look at the real leaf carefully to see the characteristic way the edges curl and the veins stand out. These characteristics can be brought out on the wood with your jackknife, and finished with sandpaper. Wax the finished leaves and link each leaf to the next with two or three leather thongs tacked to the back of each. A carved buckle can be made to fasten the belt together, if you are a skillful carver, but if that is too difficult for you, the long ends of the thongs may be tied together and left hanging, instead of using a buckle. One word of warning for the inexperienced carver—stems are hard to carve and easy to break. If you put stems on your leaves, curl them so they are attached at both ends to the more solid leaf.

Another belt may be woven of colored yarn on a simple loom you can make yourself. The tee dee loom, made of tongue depressors (that's why it's called tee dee) can be used to make an Indian belt. Four-inch sections of macaroni, bamboo shoots, or hollow reeds may be used as a weaving frame for another kind of yarn belt. Instructions for making and using both of these are in *Arts and Crafts with Inexpensive Materials*, published by Girl Scouts, Inc. for fifty cents.

A carved pin to match a link in your leaf belt adds that special accessory touch to your camp costume. After you have carved the leaf, sandpapered and waxed it, cut a groove in the back slightly longer than a small safety pin, about an eighth of an inch deep and an eighth to a quarter of an inch wide. Insert the safety pin in the groove, pin side out, and fill the groove with plastic wood. Let it dry thoroughly before you use it.

**E**VERY experienced camper has one tie or bandanna that she likes to wear with her favorite camp suit. Perhaps you and your friends would like to make some like the ones the girls at Camp Andree had one summer. Each girl hemmed a large square of



cloth. (Choose any kind of material that will take printer's ink or oil colors—linen, cotton, or unbleached muslin are good.) Each girl designed and cut a linoleum block 2 inches square, illustrating something typical of her special interest or the part of the country from which she came, and an all-over pattern of all of these blocks, stamped on the ties, made an interesting souvenir.

Simple instructions for making linoleum prints are to be found in most libraries. Read the section on prints in *Arts and Crafts with Inexpensive Materials* (already mentioned) and practice using your tools, or knife, on scrap linoleum before you start on your design. And here's a tip on making the block print tie—keep your design simple and avoid too delicate lines.

If you prefer long narrow ties, rather than the square ones, those may be decorated by a triangular print at the tapered ends.

A pair of socks to match your tie, knitted by yourself, will complete the accessory needs for your best camp outfit.

**W**HETHER you go on a camping trip, or cook steaks with a group of your friends on your own back-yard grill, an outdoor cooking apron will add color to your costume and efficiency to your work. (See large illustration.) The apron is made of a yard of blue denim and it is stitched by hand in heavy white or colored thread, the stitching forming the decoration. Cut a piece 24 inches long, the full width of the material. Put a small hem in the bottom, and an inch and a half hem in the top. Place a second row of stitching 1/2 inch from the top of the wide hem. Whip the ends of a yard and a half piece of clothesline rope, and run it through this hem to form a drawstring. The side edges of the apron are formed by the selvage. Two pockets and a strip to hold your bandanna form the finishing touch. A small narrow pocket 1 1/2 inches by 2 3/4 inches will hold your jackknife; a large pocket 7 1/2 inches by 8 inches is the catchall for matches and other small items. The strip is stitched to the apron at both ends, but is left open top and bottom so the bandanna can be run through it. The bright red bandanna adds a gay touch to the apron, but the expert outdoor cook knows that it is also a useful and versatile part of her cooking equipment—serving as pot-lifter, emergency hand towel, or even a screen to protect her from the heat while she stirs the steaming stew.

Wooden bathing clogs may be added to your camp wardrobe easily and inexpensively. Get two pieces of fairly soft wood—white pine will be good. Each should be about an inch thick, and a little longer and wider than your foot. Stand on them and draw the outline of each foot, allowing a little extra all around. With a coping saw, cut the outline carefully and neatly, and with your jackknife cut out the underside a little, to indicate the heel lift. The clogs will be more comfortable if you make the sole curve up a little at the tip of the toes. Sandpaper the clogs, and decorate the sole according to your fancy—a row of bright fishes done in oils or enamel around the sides would be attractive,





## The ninth law of Girl Scouting, "A Girl Scout Is Thrifty," has special importance to-day. This article shows you how to be ingenious and thrifty at one and the same time, in making your own camp equipment

By MARGARET CHAPMAN

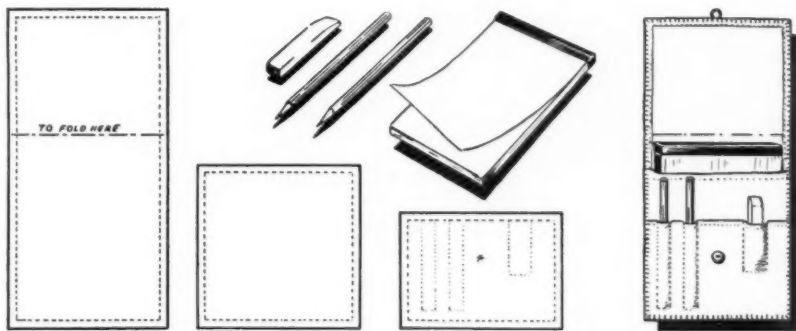
Girl Scout National Staff

Illustrated by RITA PRICE

or a little decorative carving—let your imagination work! To hold the clogs on, tack a 2½ inch strip of awning canvas across the toe of each.

WHEN you go camping, you are sometimes at a loss to know where to keep your tools and personal articles, and how to keep them in order. Devising kits and cases to take care of your equipment is easy, if you follow a few simple rules. First, assemble on the table before you all the things that should go together. Second, arrange the articles so they occupy as little space as possible. Third, make a paper pattern for the general outline of the largest, flattest item, and arrange on it paper pockets to care for the smaller articles—allowing plenty of extra width and length for seams, stitching, and bulk. Fourth, using the paper patterns you have made, cut out and stitch the kit from any cloth heavy enough to carry the articles. As an example, here at the right is the equipment for sketching—pad, pencils, and eraser; the illustration shows the various steps in making the kit to hold them.

Perhaps the thing you need most of all is a simple, lightweight knapsack for your hiking trips. It may be made from lightweight canvas, or any tightly woven, sturdy material. Do not use very heavy material, as it is too hard to stitch, nor flimsy cloth which will never withstand the rough wear a knapsack gets! Cut a piece 14 inches by 22 inches, and fold it crosswise. Baste into the fold on each



EQUIPMENT FOR SKETCHING AND KIT MADE TO HOLD IT

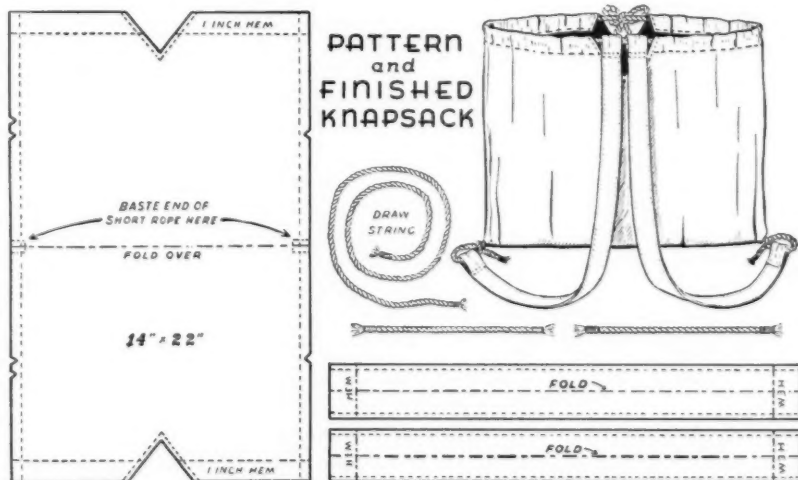
run rope through. Tie the bottom of each strap to the bottom of the sack with the rope you stitched into the seam. Run another rope through the top hem, and through the other hemmed end of each strap at the back V, letting the ends of the rope come out at the front V to form a drawstring. It is

cross, so it can be identified readily in case of need. You'll need to do a little planning in order to put into the can all that you need for first aid, in the most compact way. Tiny bottles can be bought at the drugstore for your 2% solution of iodine, and aromatic spirits of ammonia. The smallest size tube of 5% tannic acid jelly will fit in. Also put in it two band-aids, 3 sterile bandage compresses, a needle safely anchored in a piece of thin cardboard, a carefully wrapped piece of sterile cotton, and a paper of safety matches. The needle is for use in case you get a splinter in your finger, and the matches are for sterilizing the needle. If you are in poison ivy country, you may want to squeeze in a small slice of yellow soap wrapped in waxed paper. And don't forget to take your bandanna with you—you may need a triangular bandage.

A hike stick will help you along a rough trail and can be a decorative as well as useful part of your equipment. Find a young green sapling of some strong and fairly flexible wood like ash or hickory, and about 1¼ inches to 1½ inches thick. Cut your stick about five feet long, or "chest high," and try to have a fork or an interesting twist at one end. The forked top makes a good handle, or a place to hang your bandanna lunch, or it may do duty as part of a crane in outdoor cooking. Some campers call the forked sticks "snake sticks" because mountaineers use them in catching rattlesnakes, pinning the sharpened fork just back of the snake's head as he lies on the ground.

To decorate your walking stick, carve a design through the green bark, and hold the stick over the fire until the exposed part is charred. Peel the rest of the bark from the stick and the dark design will stand out in contrast to the unburned section.

Some hikers decorate their sticks to represent their camping adventures—two crossed sticks with a conventionalized flame may tell of the first campfire you built; a spiral may stand for a pet garter snake that lived near your tent; each ring around the stick may stand for a successful outdoor meal.



side the end of a 9 inch piece of rope, and sew up the sides to make a sack 13 inches by 11 inches (one inch came off for the side seams!) Halfway between the two side seams at the top of the bag, front and back, cut a V-shaped notch 3 inches across the top and 2 inches deep. Stitch under the rough edges of the V in a narrow hem. Sew a 1 inch hem around the top of the sack, on either side of both front and back V's. Take two strips of the material 22 inches long by 2½ inches wide; fold and stitch lengthwise to form straps. Put deep hems in each end to

simple, if you follow the diagrams. By adjusting the knots in the ropes fastening the straps to the bottom of the sack, you can lengthen or shorten the straps. Of course you don't need to be warned that the ends of the ropes should be whipped.

A first-aid kit made from a flat tobacco tin will fit neatly into your knapsack and will be a help in minor emergencies. Get one of the flat tins with a hinged lid at the top, the kind men carry in their pockets. Boil it in soapy water and sal soda to remove the paint. Repaint it yourself with red enamel and a white

# CROCHET *your own!*



**J**UST because your clothes budget may be slimmer this year of war does not mean that

your wardrobe need be slimmer, too, or less attractive. The girl with clever fingers and a sense of style can "crochet her own" and put the pennies she saves into defense stamps. The crochet fashions shown here are easy to make and the cost of the thread is only a fraction of what you would have to pay if you purchased them ready-made. The direction leaflets will be sent you free, on receipt of your order naming leaflet numbers and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Fashion Editor, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th Street, New York City.



Mortarboard-type hat, with long tassel and flowers of contrasting color. Requires 1 skein of each color. Bone crochet hook No. 4. Send for leaflet 1014.



Fringed sport hat. Requires 2 one-ounce balls. Steel crochet hook No. 1. Send for leaflet 133.

Scarf worked with single thread. Requires 4 balls one shade, 5 the other. Steel crochet hook No. 4 or 5. Matching bag, crocheted with double thread, requires 6 balls one shade, 4 the other. Send for leaflet 1513.



Knitting bag with side zipper. Directions for matching belt on same leaflet. Requires 4 balls rug yarn. Steel crochet hook G. Send for leaflet PC554A&B.

Gay crocheted slippers, quickly made. Require 1 skein each of two colors, per pair. Bone crochet hook No. 5 or 6. Send for leaflet 95.



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## SABU

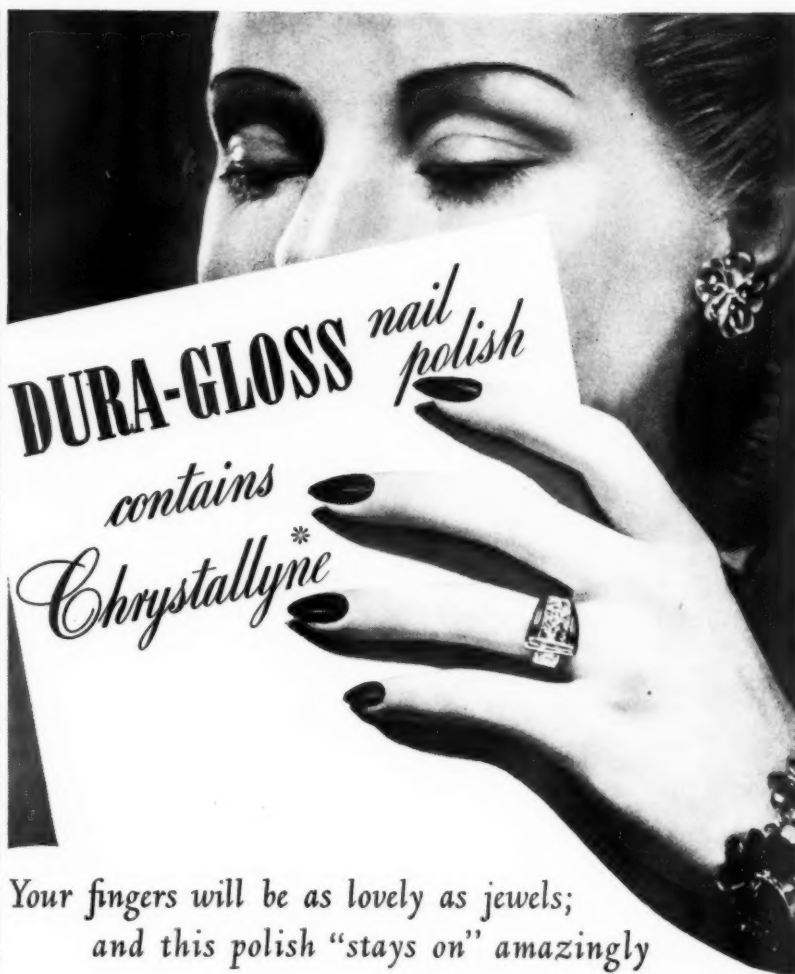
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which can be made to look like the landscape needed for the picture which is being made. It is like moving an army, for after the location is found, landscape gardeners may be needed to arrange the setting; carpenters or bricklayers to build houses or even villages; painters and electricians for technical work—so many different types of workers that it is hard to name them all. And only when the setting is ready, come the actors, directors, cameramen, wardrobe and make-up artists, technicians—and cooks, too, of course, for these hundreds of people have to be fed. In filming "The Jungle Book" the animals had to be moved and cared for, also—elephants, deer, tigers, bears, wolves, the black panther, and even snakes.

Mr. Korda's brother, Zoltan Korda, had lived for years in India, and he knew exactly what kind of a location he must have. It was found forty miles or so from Hollywood in Sherwood Forest, and then the magic touch of Hollywood transformed the wooded spot into an authentic jungle. I visited this location and found, to my amazement, that after a very short walk from my car I was right in the middle of a jungle, which was so green and luxuriant that it was simply breathtaking. It scared me a little, too. I fully expected snakes to twist around my ankles, or a crocodile to slither into the water in front of me. But when I was there, all was comparative peace and quiet. I saw a river a hundred feet wide, winding through huge trees. Graceful lianas, which are tropical vines, clung to the branches and drooped again to the water, on the surface of which floated lotus leaves and brilliant water lilies. Pale lavender water hyacinths bloomed near the shore. The banks were lined with elephant grass and great ferns; and from the trees hung gorgeously colored orchids, while brilliant splashes of red simulated the flame trees of India, and birds of many colors flew among the branches. It was just as a jungle in the heart of India might look, and as it is photographed in technicolor, none of its beauty is lost in the picture.

Of course a great deal of work had to be done to get this effect. Sherwood Forest and the California hills are dry in summer and vegetation is brown. There was no river on the location, but wells were dug and the water dammed to make one. The tropical vines were sent from Louisiana; the elephant grass, giant bamboo, and water hyacinths from other parts of California; and the tall ferns came from Oregon. The orchids alone cost a thousand dollars, and expert gardeners kept everything fresh, replacing wilted flowers or ferns with new ones daily.

IT ALL seemed so real that when I heard the sudden roar of some sort of beast, not far away, a chill of terror ran over me and I had to be assured by my escort from the studio that the animals were safely housed at the time. All the beasts used in the picture are truly wild. Sabu worked with them and their trainers for more than three months, at the Goebel Lion Farm, before a camera turned. He had to get acquainted with them and they with him. He has no double for the dangerous scenes in the picture, but the creatures seemed to recognize the fact that he is fearless, for they did not attack him. Sabu says



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You'll love Dura-Gloss, for it is no ordinary nail polish. Perhaps you've wondered why you hear so much about it, why so many have adopted it. Well, Dura-Gloss is made with a special ingredient—CHRYSTALLYNE\*! Perfected through laboratory research, Chrystallyne is a magnificent resin that (1) imparts exceptional powers of adhesion, and (2) jewel-like sparkle and brilliance to Dura-Gloss. This wonderful substance is the reason Dura-Gloss resists ugly "peeling," and "fraying," so stubbornly day after day. Why it radiates sparkling gloss, luster, life! Dura-Gloss will make your nails a king's ransom in jewels . . . good enough to be kissed . . . brilliant, beautiful, lovely—at all cosmetic counters.



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the only part of making the picture he did not enjoy was working with the snakes, especially the cobra.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief when they were back in the studio, working on the indoor stages, for they thought everything would be simple and free from danger there. Then, as often happens, they became careless, perhaps. Sabu had two accidents. He stepped from a low platform and pulled a ligament—and before it was quite well, he fell against a projection and cut a deep gash in his knee. The gentleman who was so casual when I asked him about the roar on location was bitten by a wolf, and a number of monkeys escaped from the lot and frightened Hollywood residents for days.

To say that this humbly born Indian boy is adaptable is putting it mildly. The way in which he first took to acting is in itself astonishing. In England he made himself at home, adapted himself to his school, his companions, and English customs. And now, in Hollywood, he is becoming Americanized in a big way. He lives in a gray stucco California bungalow high up on a hill. A colored cook serves him fried chicken, steak, plenty

of vegetables and fruits, and only occasionally lets him have the highly seasoned native dishes which he ate in India. When he is not needed in pictures, he works out every day at the Hollywood Athletic Club, and his body is fine and strong. He is third ranking swimmer of the club and is trying to break his own record for speed. He boxes, wrestles, and plays a fast game of badminton with a group of Hollywood boys and girls, at a Santa Monica club where the members all work in pictures. He attends motor races and loves any machine that goes at high speed. He is even now building a "jeep" with a friend who bargains for parts at junk yards. Sabu proudly boasts that it will be "some speed car." But when he will prove its speed is another question, because he has been made to promise that he will not drive any car over fifty miles an hour, and apparently he keeps this promise, as he had received no traffic citation.

Sabu lives with his brother, who is eleven years older and who is his legal guardian, and the two are thrifty because they know what it means to be really poor. But the youngster remembers the days when his one

ambition was to own a piece of silk for a turban, so now he has a stack of many colored silks to satisfy his taste for gay new ones. He is a Mohammedan, and with his tailor-made clothes he wears a turban, manipulating the yards of silk with skillful fingers.

Sabu likes Hollywood. I thought that he would want to make it his home, but when I asked him where home was, he said, "Home? Oh, England is my home."

Will Sabu always play in pictures? Who can tell? He has an unbounded belief in himself which will help him attain any goal he may set. When I was talking with him, I made an idle remark about something I would like to do, but which I thought I could never do well. He looked up quickly. "Never say that. If you really want to do it enough, you can." They tell me that is his philosophy in life. When he wants to do something very much, he never gives up, but works and works at it until he does it well. If he had not wanted to be in pictures more than the other boys, that day in India, to-day he would probably be a mahout training elephants, instead of a movie star in Hollywood.

## SABASTINE AND MOIRETA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

News of the arrival of the strangers had swept right across the island ahead of them. When the girls reached the white cottage where they were to stay, there was old Kattie, their hostess, waiting to welcome them with a cheering cup of tea. Next day they roamed all over Inishmaan and did not return until supper time. Old Kattie had grown anxious—and when they told her they had been all around the island, she raised her hands with a Gaelic exclamation.

"Musha, now! Sure no one has ever been all round the island before. It's a great pair of travelers ye be."

It was true. Although Inishmaan is only three miles around, its four hundred inhabitants are not given to traveling. After three happy days the girls took boat for Inishmore, the largest of the three islands. It was there that Violet asked an old woman when the next steamer would be coming in, and had her quaint reply.

"Musha, now, Miss, an' what's yer hurry? Sure, haven't ye yer whole life before ye—and all Eternity after that?"

On Inishmore the girls had the good fortune to meet another young artist, Betty Rivers. Betty was living with two friends in one of the cottages and painting away. The five girls had delightful times together, and before Violet's vacation was over, she had planned to give up her secretarial job and return in September to share the cottage and spend a year modeling the Islanders.

Miss Powell is not the first to receive inspiration and help from getting close to nature in the Aran Islands. Some of you may recall that Synge's wonderful play, *Riders to the Sea*, was about Aran Islanders, as was the movie, *Man of Aran*, produced a few years ago.

That September the Islanders took in the two young women as friends and comrades. Violet did not expect life to be a bowl of roses, but it did become a glorious experience, one to change forever her sense of values. Something is always happening on the islands. Whenever you take a walk in a village you find some new occupation of the day, such as spinning, weaving, or the shrinking of flannel, which process has a song to

accompany it. The people have a keen dramatic sense; whatever is happening is dramatized. At a cow or pig killing the children gather round with great excitement. During the first week of May, the women spread their blankets and household cloths to whiten upon the grass, for it is then that spring mists have a bleaching quality. May and September are the most important times for the fishermen, for it is then they are certain of the largest catches. They bring in enough fish to salt for the intervening months.

All of the men are keen fishermen and a few are expert curragh-makers. Sometimes they barter fish and potatoes for precious turf from Connemara. When the hookers (boats with great brown sails) are seen across the bay, they load up their keels (bright orange carts), and then one of the men is elected to act as a go-between, to see that everybody gets a fair bargain down at the quayside.

For every event there is a little celebration. Sheepshearing accomplished, or a good day's spinning, or two pigs sold at market, calls for a celebration. Then quickly the women make a batch of currant bread and the young folk come for a *Ceilidhe*, a cottage dance or gathering. When they are breathless from the rapid dancing of the Four-Handed Reel, they will sit and sing old Gaelic ballads of many, many verses, or call for Dara McDara Diranne, their professional storyteller; for it is Dara who knows every legend handed down and all the ballads, and he who most often sees with his own eyes the fairies out on the rocks.

The great French novelist, Balzac, said that he who demands that the tale of wonder be simple and the impossible almost credible is a lover of poetry of the purest kind. Far from movies, the Aran Islanders are dependent on storytelling and ballad-singing for amusement. They love their tales of wonder, demand that they be simple, and believe in the impossible—especially when Dara recounts it. Although life is an almost constant battle with the elements, their sense of humor is often uppermost and their eyes ready to crinkle with a joke.

It was at a cottage dance that Violet Powell decided to make portrait dolls of the Island-

ers. She and Betty had climbed into the loft to make sketches of their friends as they came in. One of the boys caught up his accordion and began to play. Dancing started, and when the cottage was almost whirled away by the Four-Handed Reel, Violet became so excited that she cried to Betty, "Oh, don't they look like marionettes? I'm going to make dolls of them!"

That seemed simple, as she was an artist, but she did not know then that she was going to bump square into a folk superstition—or that her idea was to be the beginning of a career that was to take her to Paris and eventually to America. The first person she asked to sit for her was Maggie Diranne, a kinswoman of Dara's who had played the feminine lead in the movie, *Man of Aran*. Maggie had a wonderful face.

"Won't you pose for me?" asked Violet. "I want to make a doll study of you." But she had not counted on the Aran Islanders' curious feeling about effigies, an age-old belief, found in various parts of the world, that if you wish to harm your enemy you make a figure of him, and the harm you do to the figure will be transferred to the real person.

"Musha, now, Miss," answered Maggie Diranne, "I wouldn't like that at all. There'd be no luck to it."

"But how is that, Maggie?" wondered Violet.

"Well, to tell ye the truth now, Miss, a doll is one o' them things the children might maybe take up and drop, and what would become o' me then?"

"Oh, these wouldn't be dolls for children to play with," Violet assured her. "They would probably be exhibited in America and other foreign countries so that people might see how you look here on Aran."

"Sure, that would be worse again," said Maggie. "There's many an Aran woman over in Boston, an' some one might take a spite agin me and go stickin' pins in me an' the like, and what would become o' me then? No, Miss, I tell ye, there'd be no luck to it!"

Violet tried to persuade her by saying that the figure would be put in a museum. Maggie thought over this possibility. After a long



pause, she said, "I tell ye what now, Miss. If ye'd like to make an image of the Blessed Virgin o' me, sure now I'll sit for ye any day."

In spite of misgivings on the part of her sitters, Violet succeeded in modeling many of the Islanders—the storyteller, the keener, (a woman paid to weep at funerals with a sound that is weird and not unlike the wail of a banshee), the curragh-maker, and many others. She spent one of the most fascinating years of her life among these imaginative and whimsical people, who became so interested that they helped to dress "the likes o' themselves" in their own homespun. As long as the dolls remained on the island, everything was all right. Taking them away, though, was another matter. The Islanders were not at all sure they would like that.

After a busy day the girls loved to go to Dara's cottage and they became good friends with him and his wife, Kautch. To reach the cottage, they would follow the steppingstones across the crags and then climb the stile into the tiny front yard. Shooing the chickens away, Kautch would await them in the doorway, bright and buxom in her full red petticoats.

"*Cead mile failte,*" she would call out the Gaelic for "One hundred thousand welcomes!"

**B**UILT of mud, and plastered over a hundred years ago, the cottage has been white-washed every year since, covering it with a shining white crust, rounded and smooth with never a harsh angle. The thatch above is warm straw color and weighted down with small gray stones that make a pretty pattern above the eaves. Occasionally, of course, a chicken will roost in the thatch. Tiny windows, the size of pocket handkerchiefs, are for light, not air. They are never opened. The living room window is the exception for size. It is wide enough to hold seven candles across the sill on Twelfth Night, "Little Christmas." The cottage is oblong in shape and has three rooms, the main kitchen-living room, and a little bedroom at each end. Just as no one would dream of building on fairy ground, neither would they extend a house to the left. To the right or back, if you must add a room, but never, *never* to the left. It is there the fairies have right of way.

"Musha, now! Let me make ye a cup of tay." Visitors must never leave a house without a cup of tea.

Let's imagine you are a visitor at Dara's cottage. Removing her apron, Kautch leads you to the fireside. The small boys, nudging and giggling on the settle, are shooed onto three-legged stools that you may have the place of honor. Kautch bustles about, her red woolen skirts spread full, with gingham at the top lest the gathers be too bunched; a shawl is upon her head, another small plaid about her shoulders against the cold mist that is rising from the sea.

As your eyes accustom themselves to the darkness of the interior, you delight in the glow of fire in the arched chimney, and the answering gleam of old luster on the kitchen dresser, treasure handed down for generations. "Oh, that old stuff!" Kautch refers to it with a show of mocking laughter. The mud floor is glistening black. Between the crude beams overhead, the ceiling turf is held in layers to keep out cold and wind. Always a little red holy lamp burns to the Virgin. This must never go out. Above it hangs the crucifix. You are struck by the utter simplicity and charm of the cottage. Here by this turf fire,

(Continued on page 36)

## SOME DAYS I'M HAPPY

... Some days I'm blue ... like today, for instance.

Even this portable doesn't help. I've played stacks of old favorites, new swings and late boogie-woogies and still the glooms hang on!

So I ask you ... what's a girl to do? Go out wearing a face full of frowns? Try to grin from ear to ear? Or call things off and stay home?

What I can't figure is how those pals of mine manage to keep going—no matter what day of the month it is.

What have others got that I haven't?

They must have something ... and I'm the gal who's going to find out! How? ... well, I'll hide my pride and ask 'em. Want to listen in...

Jane called it comfort! The kind Kotex sanitary napkins give.

She explained that Kotex is different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch. For Kotex is made in soft folds that are less bulky—more comfortable—made to stay soft while wearing!

And, oh, what a pal was Carrie! She put it this way ... for confidence and poise there's nothing like the flat, pressed ends of Kotex. They don't show even when you go without a girdle!

Nancy simply said ... Safety first! And thank heavens for Kotex with the moisture-resistant "safety shield" that gives extra protection!

So now I'm singing "So-long Blues!" Now I know why more women choose Kotex than all other brands put together! The best proof that Kotex stays soft!

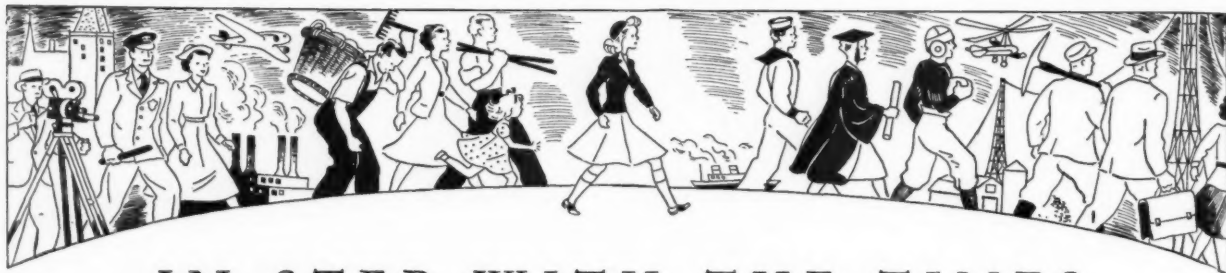
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## IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

### THE WORLD'S NUMBER-ONE ROCK

A huge jut of pale-gray limestone, inhabited only by wild apes, marked the Mediterranean's western limits of navigation in Greek and Roman times. Known then as Calpe, it was one of the legendary Pillars of Hercules. We now call it the Rock of Gibraltar.

As the centuries rolled on, a few hundred Spaniards settled on low country beneath the Rock. In 711 A. D., an Arab chieftain named Tariq ben Zaid led his followers into Spain. Gibraltar was one of his conquests. The



Arabs re-christened it Jebel Tariq (Mount Tariq). This was shortened to Jebel-Tar, then corrupted to Gibraltar.

Eventually the Spaniards drove the Arabs out, but in the War of the Spanish Succession they lost Gibraltar to the British. Much later in the same century, they tried vainly to regain the Rock in a memorable four-years' siege. Since then, Britain has held practically undisputed possession. But one of the developments of Hitler's long-awaited Mediterranean campaign may be a drive aimed at Spain, Portugal, and North Africa. In that case, Gibraltar would certainly be the center of a bitter siege.

It has been braced against capture by truly fantastic defenses. Its limestone is honeycombed with ten miles of passages. These tunnels—there were only two miles of them when World War II began—are constantly being extended and added to by some two thousand laborers, working in shifts twenty-four hours a day. Many of the passages end at embrasures from which long-range guns command land approaches to the Rock, a large area of adjacent Spanish countryside, the Strait of Gibraltar, and a strip of the African coast on the far side of the Strait.

This extraordinary fortress—rising almost fourteen hundred feet at its highest point—has six "levels" inside it. These are a little like the floors of a building, but most of them are hundreds of feet apart. Inclined tunnels and elevators lead from the bottommost level to the topmost. Food, water, and munitions are stored in man-made caverns. In one of these caves is a completely equipped hospital of five hundred beds. A large army

can live indefinitely in the Rock—and that army is there to-day. The men, we're told, are expecting "Hitler trouble."

It is hard to guess, at this writing, precisely what form that trouble may take. Meanwhile, the Rock stands, a symbol of strength—well armed and waiting.

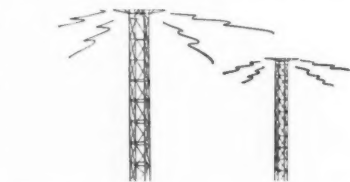
### RADIO WARRIORS

Our Government is counting on our good sense and on our sense of humor. When we hear, if we have short-wave receivers, extraordinary statements made by German, Italian, or Japanese propagandists—statements designed to break down our morale—we're expected to spot these as ridiculous and frequently laughable. Also, we're asked to remember the deadly purpose of such "bombs for the mind."

Some eighteen hours of foreign broadcasts are "beamed" at us via short wave every day. The greatest volume comes from Germany, where propagandists are busy giving us their slant on things for about eleven hours out of the twenty-four. Italy's radio warriors talk to the Western Hemisphere for about half that time. Japan, Russia, and England may each fill an hour or so.

We have an organization known as the Foreign Broadcast Monitoring Service—abbreviated to FBMS—which might be said to act as Uncle Sam's ears. Its staff not only listens in but records on phonograph disks short-wave communications from all over the world. Much of this intake must be translated. Digests, or short versions, are then sent, among other places, to the office of the Coordinator of Information.

For many months our Government has been making sure that vicious Axis claims were systematically countered by impartial summaries of the news. It is still doing this, more



vigorously than ever, through the cooperation of commercial radio chains and independent units such as Boston's celebrated WRUL. Such programs, sent out in many languages to many lands, give news minus false propaganda. Back of every word is the same spirit as that found overseas in the British Broadcasting Company, whose motto is, "A dam of truth against the never-ceasing torrent of lies and rumors."

### WHATCHA MEAN, "THE WEAKER SEX"?

"Boys and men are not only stronger than girls and women; they're smarter, too." Perhaps you've heard that double taunt, or some variation of it, and have felt a natural resentment and sought an effective answer. Just what would a good answer be?

So far as the second statement goes—that males have better brains—it is simply not true, according to research workers. Tests made in colleges and schools show no difference in native intelligence. So say dozens of investigators, among them Dr. Leta Stetter Hollingsworth of Columbia University and Professor Paul A. Witty of Northwestern University.



After studying the mental ability of 13,493 girls and 14,149 boys, Professor Witty concluded that, in mental ability, the sexes are equal.

Returning to the first part of the double taunt—that men and boys are the stronger—an answer might well be, "Just what do you mean by 'stronger'?" So far as brute strength goes, thousands of tests have borne out what is common knowledge: that, usually, the male excels at things demanding big muscles. But if by "stronger" is meant a firmer hold on life, as evidenced by the ability to keep on living, we find a very different state of affairs. According to the statistics of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company the life expectancy of a white boy baby at birth is 60.18 years, in contrast to 64.36 years for a white girl baby.

Also, an ability to bear pain is closely tied in with our conception of a "strong" person. Hospital records show women stand suffering better than men.

Women's sense of taste, of smell, of touch is keener. By and large they are slightly better at learning languages, but show less ability at mathematics. Men are defter with mechanical gadgets, but women have better memories, tend to be more tactful as secretaries, and make more patient, efficient, and sympathetic nurses.

In short, a lively and far from one-sided debate could be based on this question, "Are men really the weaker sex?"

## THE CREATION OF THE LAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

children, we must now create for you an earth on which to dwell—an earth which shall be large enough to hold you and your children, and your children's children, for ages yet to come. And I can do it, too, but I need some help. I must find one among you who is willing to sacrifice his life, in order to bring order and peace out of this intolerable state of our being."

Each looked at his neighbor, unwilling to commit himself to an unknown task.

Nana-bo-jou went on, "I can, by the power of my medicine, create a place for you, my children—a place which will be fit and strong, no longer floating about at random on an endless sea, but fastened to the roots of the world by bonds that can never be wholly broken, a place which will hold you and your families for generations yet untold.

"The first thing we need is a support for the earth which is to be created. One of you must sacrifice himself, be willing to live forever under the surface of the sea. But he must be strong enough to bear the weight of all the beings who will dwell thereon. I therefore call on one of you to make the test. Who will try to support the burden of his brothers on his back?"

The Polar Bear reared up on his hind legs. He shuffled forward and said, "I will try, great Nana-bo-jou. I am strong and I have a broad back. I am accustomed to living in the water. Perhaps I will do."

He glided into the water and sank below the surface until only his back was visible. Instantly the other animals gathered at the edge of the raft, climbed out, and began to seat themselves on his back. But before all had left the raft, the weight of the animals on the Polar Bear's back was too great. Slowly he sank out of sight, and the animals scrambled quickly back to safety.

When the Polar Bear appeared on the raft again, sad at his failure, Nana-bo-jou announced, "Great Bear, your spirit is ample, but not your strength. You could not support even the animals themselves. Therefore you surely could not support them and the earth in addition."

There was no lack of courage in the group; and, in turn, the Sea Otter and the Alligator tried, but in vain, for both sank under the load.

Finally the Turtle modestly advanced. He tapped his shell with one of his forefeet, then stood as high as his short legs allowed. "Oh, great Nana-bo-jou," he said, "I am not so huge nor so strong as some of my brothers. But my back is broad and hard. Perhaps there is virtue in that. At any rate, I am willing to try."

He ambled to the edge of the raft and plunged into the water. One by one, the animals climbed upon his back; but even when the last one was seated, the turtle remained firm and steady. Their united pressure was not enough to down him.

Nana-bo-jou stood on the raft, watching. When he saw the magnificent strength of the Turtle, he cried, "Turtle, I hereby accord you the honor of supporting the world. The glory will be yours forevermore."

At this, all the animals returned to the

(Continued on page 46)

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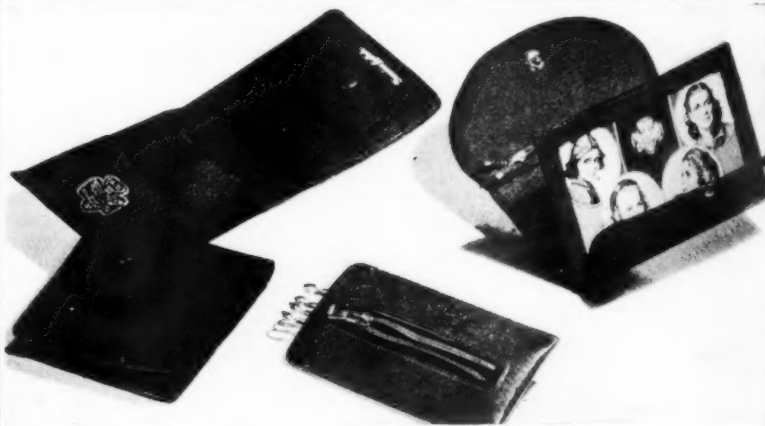
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# SABASTINE AND MOIRETA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

the family await the fisherman at sea; here, exhausted by wind and wave and struggling with the nets, Dara finds rest. Here Kautch teases (cards) her wool, here she spins, and makes wonderful colors to dye her hand-woven cloth.

You beg her to tell you some of her dye secrets, but she will not. Laughingly, she removes the three-legged caldron from the fire hook and hangs on the teakettle instead. She jokes about the warm red of her skirt, saying it came from that orange lichen out on the rocks, the blue from berries, and something else from blackthorn. While the tea is brewing to a fine purple for your drinking, she brings out her big plaid shawl to show you. When an Aran girl marries, she receives from her family a heavy shawl worth four or five pounds sterling. This, her dowry, is fine and warm enough to give service the rest of her life. You can almost tell how long a woman has been married by the condition of her shawl, and when the women gather at the tiny post office, their flock of beautiful shawls is a gaiety to behold.

Violet and Betty sometimes took a long time over tea in Kautch's house, hoping that Dara might come in from the sea and feel in the mood for a story, or the latest news of Sabastine, the Fairy King himself, whom he might have been seeing out on the rocks. When you have remained on the island in this wind-swept Gaelic world for a time, your imagination follows Dara's with no coaxing at all.

One day when Violet Powell had finished modeling a dozen or so characters from Onaght village, Dara dropped in to see her. He looked at the dolls representing his neighbors and, thoughtfully resting his chin on his hand, he said, "Miss, ye know I don't think it's right to be lettin' these little people go off into the great outside world—and they with no protection whatever. If any harm came to them, sure the Lord only knows what would happen to the people of Onaght."

Violet laid down her sculptors' tools and asked him what he would suggest doing about it. He replied that he would wait a bit until he saw the Fairy King, who would know what would be the best thing to do.

Meanwhile, Violet and Betty came near being swept into the sea during a great September storm. Here is the story in Violet's own words:

"Late in September one can expect to see mountainous seas and great high walls of seething foam. Betty and I awoke one morning to the clashing sound of gigantic waves. At first we did not realize that it was the roar of the sea down below our cottage that we heard. I remember saying that it sounded like a thousand chariots dashing wildly across the crags.

"Later in the morning one of the Islanders told us that a mighty storm was getting up, and that we should get a better view of it if we went up to Dun Aengus, the ancient fort that stands on a cliff four hundred feet above the sea. Shortly after lunch we made our way up there, but did not dare go too close to the cliffs for fear of being swept over. Looking across to the west, we saw the place where Maggie had rescued the fishermen in the storm in the movie, *Man of Aran*, and we decided to go down there.

"For quite some time we sat on the great boulders. We were so completely mesmerized as we watched one high black wave after

another break, throwing white foam in all directions, that we did not realize until too late that a very spiteful swirl of foam had mischievously planned to break itself on the very rock on which we sat. Of course we were completely drenched and, with much amusement, got up to make our way home to change.

"Alas! When we turned to go back we found that the peninsula on which we were had been completely cut off by a deep, swirling gulf, which steadily widened as we gazed at it. There was nothing to do but go back to the center of the little island, on which we now found ourselves marooned, and wait to be either washed off or rescued, whichever the gods should decide.

"After an hour or so, we saw three or four figures way up on Dun Aengus cliffs, so we took off our jerseys and waved them frantically. When our arms were nearly worn out, suddenly we discovered that one of those tiny spots of humanity above had seen us and was waving back. Soon they were all making signs and we gladly watched them running down in our direction. I shall never forget what a wonderful sense of relief we felt, when we knew that help would come and that this angry sea would not carry us away and dash us to pieces against the jagged rocks.

"One of the party ran down to the village of Bungowla for ropes, another went off in search of planks, while a third seemed to think that an old curragh might serve as a bridge. Pat Mullen came and shouted instructions across the gulf. His booming voice was scarcely audible, but he gave us confidence. He said that we should get back to the middle and build a wall of loose stones around us to shelter us from the wind and the rain which had now begun to fall.

"We did as he suggested, and when next we emerged to see what was happening, lo and behold, there were masses of people from the near-by villages gathered around the great stacks of seaweed, watching and waiting. The women had begun to keen, and we already began to feel that we were dead.

"By this time, some men had come over from Onaght village with a stout rope which, after many efforts, they succeeded in throwing to us. They shouted to us to make a loop, and if we each would fasten it around our waists they would rescue us in turn. However, when we looked at the angry gulf we decided to risk staying on our little patch of dry land until it was absolutely hopeless to remain longer.

"To make matters worse, a thunderstorm came up and the lightning flashed all around us. The keeners looked so dramatic as they huddled against the wet seaweed, their red skirts a startling splash of color. Again we took shelter and, after some considerable time, we heard wild shouting and clapping. When we came out we saw that the Islanders were all pointing to the edge of our side of the gulf. We saw that there were about two inches of wet sand, which indicated that the tide was receding and that we should not be swept away. It took almost an hour for the tide to recede sufficiently for the men to attempt to form the human chain by which they finally rescued us.

"Pat had his jaunting car waiting in a *boreen* (a narrow road) near by, and the women wrapped us in warm shawls and waved us on our way. When we passed the home of Kautch and Dara, Kautch was weep-

ing with gratitude for our safety. She brought us a can of tea which she insisted upon our drinking then and there."

About three weeks later, when the harvest moon was full, Dara came running into Violet's cottage, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Miss, will ye give me a piece of wire and a bit of that wax ye have? The Fairy King himself is out on the crags, and he says that if I make an image of him, like the way ye are making the Aran people, it will be a protection for us all."

Violet made haste to give him the wax and wire, and Dara hurried off. The following morning she met his wife. Kautch said that Dara had been gone all night with the fairies, and that he had come in at five in the morning and dragged her out of bed, saying, "Get up out of that, Kautch, and help me make some clothes for this little naked mannequin. For he'll be goin' off to America an' such places, an' sure, he hasn't a stitch on his back."

Violet wanted to see the doll immediately, but Kautch told her that Dara was teaching it how to go to foreign parts to do protection work, and how it was to put money in Violet's pocket and all.

A few days later, while Violet and Betty were at a rather late breakfast, Dara came struggling over the crags with a sack on his shoulder. He laid it down ceremoniously on the kitchen floor and, untying a piece of red flannel, he jerked out his precious doll, saying, "Now, here is Sabastine himself, and may he protect the little Aran people in their travels, and may he look after yourself besides, and put plenty of money in your pocket."

Violet was thrilled with Sabastine. His plasticine face had been smeared over with turf dust, and he had two beady eyes and a beard of goat's hair. Dara had made him a little pair of raw cowhide breeches, which had not even had time to dry out, and Kautch had rummaged around and found a piece of brown canvas for his jerkin. Some months later, at Violet's first exhibition of the dolls in Dublin, Sabastine was quite the center of attention. The newspaper men took photographs of him and told in their papers how he had been made by Dara as a fairy protector.

When visitors from Dublin went to Inishmore the following summer, they asked Dara to make them a protector, too, but he said, "Sure, I made one doll, now, and that's enough. Miss Powell has the largest family of anyone I ever heard of, an' she keeps addin' to it all the time, so she needs all the protection she can get. Musha, now, I can't make another."

Violet Powell was commissioned by her home town of Dublin to make life-sized figures of the Aran Islanders for the National Museum of Ireland, and there you may see them at their various occupations, burning kelp for the making of iodine, spinning, weaving, or hauling fish from the sea. Outstanding is a family group about a fireside, listening with rapt faces to their professional storyteller, Dara McDara Diranne. Some of the costumes are becoming rare, so it is important that they be preserved. They are made of beautiful homespun, dyed by the Islanders themselves—but no one has given away the secrets of Kautch's dyes, the beautiful



blues and reds of the skirts of the women of Inishere, Inishmaan, and Inishmore.

When the museum authorities gave Violet this important commission, of course she had to return to Inishmore. When the *Dun Aengus* came in, there was Dara waiting on the quayside, and one of the first questions he asked was, "And how is Sabastine doing? Is he seen' the world, and is he puttin' money in yer pocket?"

Violet told him that Sabastine was doing very good work indeed, and that he had been to London, to Paris, to New York, and to many places.

"He seems to like Paris too well," she said, "and I can't keep him at home, so I've brought him back to you to have more Fairy put in him."

"Musha, sure, it's not Fairy he needs," said Dara. "It's a wife he'll be wantin' to keep him at home, and before ye'll be leavin', sure, I'll make him one."

Moireta, Sabastine's wife, appeared in due course. She is even more weird-looking than her husband. She, too, is endowed with the power of casting spells, so that people have to be careful not to make critical remarks about the two little fairy people in their hearing. Violet Powell has them with her here in America, where they have traveled through many States, protecting the people back in Aran, the dolls, and Violet Powell herself.

## SKY RABBITS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

stood there, a woman whose dark eyes were hauntingly familiar.

"Aunt Elizabeth," breathed Kate, and desperately felt the tray sliding out of her hands.

KATE opened her eyes on a fresh world. She had been wandering timelessly through strange spaces, with no landmarks except the thermometer and occasional draughts of liquid for which her parched throat ached. Now she opened her eyes and saw a well known place of which every feature was a little strange. She must have been sick, of course—she was still sick. But why was she here on the sofa in the living room, instead of upstairs in her own bed?

The stove was glowing, and the square of zinc under it was shining with an unusual, highly polished glow. The room was cozy warm, though the windows were laced with frost. Those windows! At two of them hung new flowered chintz curtains; the third window was bare, but over the marble-topped table lay a length of flowered material. ("But Mom hates flowered chintz curtains," Kate thought with bewilderment.) On the piano bloomed a rose-pink azalea, a florist's plant, unheard of in Sky Rock.

"It must be the other side," she said aloud, stretching dazedly and finding that it made her head throb.

"The other side?" inquired a calm, unfamiliar voice, and a tall, queenly person in black with a creamy lace collar came in from the dining room, shaking a thermometer. Kate stared at the apparition, mind leaping back over the abyss of delirium to the moment when she had seen the front door open on this same stately figure.

"The Other Side of the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll—surely you know that book?" Kate said, waving off the thermometer. "I'm

(Continued on page 39)

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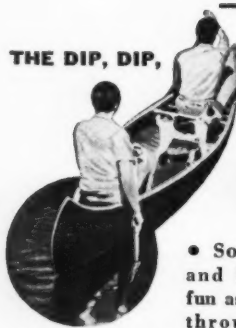
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Other good titles were "There's Romance in the Air"; "Proposal or Disposal"; "He Scoops to Conquer"; "The Scoop of the Year"; "Pick-Up"; "Uplifting Moment"; "A Steam Shovel Built for Two"; "Carried Away"; and "Digging Up Romance."

There were many duplications of certain ideas and titles: for instance, 164 girls submitted "Romance in a Steam Shovel"; 154 submitted "Love Is Blind"; 18, "Building Up to a Let-Down"; 28, "Going Up!"; 27, "Where Ignorance Is Bliss," and many others.

## WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

### Excellent

**CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS.** This story of the Royal Canadian Air Force has been so magnificently filmed that it brings realization of what a tremendous force the motion picture can be in welding the United Nations into the most determined spirit for victory with honor and decency the world has ever known. This is accomplished with a minimum of the flag waving and arrogant talk which used to signify resistance to aggression. It is shown, instead, through the growth of character in a group of commercial pilots who fly the "bush" country of Canada's vast and sparsely settled regions, and who join up when they happen to hear Churchill's "blood, sweat, and tears" broadcast in a pub. Only McLean (played by James Cagney) is unable to adjust to the teamwork essential in aerial warfare. In the end he recognizes his own unfitness for a service which demands self-discipline and uses his plane as a human bomb to destroy a Nazi attacking plane which threatens to pick off, one by one, a convoy of unarmed bombers flying the Atlantic. Cagney, Dennis Morgan, George Tobias, and Brenda Marshall head a cast in which every character is believable. One of the finest sequences shows Air Marshal W. A. Bishop, in person, presenting wings to a graduating class of pilots, many of whom have doubtless seen service on the War's many fronts. The Technicolor photography is the best we have seen. (Warners)

**MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN.** Here's a bug's-eye view of humans in a delightful animated cartoon. It tells a touching story, too, of young Hoppity who comes back to the Bug colony to claim his sweetheart, Honey Bee, and finds all his old friends on the verge of losing their homes because a skyscraper is to be built on the vacant lot where they've been living. The drawings of machinery at work and of different human activities as they might look to a bug are extremely clever. The music is lovely, with Kenny Baker singing the part of the human in whose garden the bugs finally start life anew. This picture was awarded the Parents' Magazine medal as the best family film for March. (Para.)

### Good

**HAYFOOT.** A sequel to "Tanks a Million" (the one-man Information Please draft) and just as amusing. William Tracy, model of his camp, has one failing—he's afraid of guns. A Hal Roach streamliner. (U. A.)

**NORTH TO THE KLONDIKE.** Informative and beautifully photographed action film about Alaskan settlers in the early 1900's and how they survived their first winter. Andy Devine, Broderick Crawford, and Lon Chaney head a convincing cast. (Univ.)

**SNUFFY SMITH, YARD BIRD.** Here is Snuffy Smith and his friends to the life, in a chuckle-some story. Snuffy saves a general's life and thus enters the Army. During maneuvers, Snuffy and his wife help their side win in a hilarious mock battle. Even if you don't know the Billy DeBeck cartoon, you will enjoy these new characters. (Mono.)

**SONS OF THE SEA.** Crossing the Atlantic is hazardous to-day, but what if it still took weeks? This story tells of the days when sailing vessels, crowded and dirty, were the only accommodation, and how the MacIver brothers with the aid of Sam Cunard, a progressive boat builder, launched the first steamboat to make a successful Atlantic crossing. (Warners)

**WOMAN OF THE YEAR.** Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy make of this scintillating comedy more than just de luxe entertainment, by bringing to life the career woman columnist and the sports writer who fall in love, marry, and then fail in working out the fundamental problem of which comes first, career or marriage. All the infantile approaches to a solution which women have tried are illustrated in Tess Harding's inability to accept

the middle-of-the-road compromises which any successful human relationship calls for. Her gradual awakening to being slightly less than goddess on the very day she is voted "woman of the year" is presented in adult, thought-provoking fashion. But first of all the picture is fun, with performances by Hepburn and Tracy which can't be matched for intelligent fooling. Sophisticated but never in bad taste. (MGM)

**YANK ON THE BURMA ROAD.** Exciting story of trucking hospital supplies over the Burma Road, with Barry Nelson and Lorraine Day prominent in the action. Good background shots of the Burma Road. (MGM)

**YOUNG AMERICA.** Jane Withers, while visiting the country, joins the 4H Club in order to vamp one of the neighbor boys (Robert Cornell). The most interesting part of the film is the work of the 4H Clubs, which is given considerable documentation. (Fox)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

### Excellent

**CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS.** Possibly exciting, but the film is reassuring about the war effort of the United Nations and tells in a form children can understand better than words what we are fighting for.

**MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN**

**HAYFOOT**

**SNUFFY SMITH, YARD BIRD**

**SONS OF THE SEA**

**YOUNG AMERICA**

—WESTERNS FOR BOTH GROUPS—

**ARIZONA TERRORS.** Don Barry and Al St. John ally themselves against a man who claims title to a million acres. The boys eventually appeal to President McKinley for relief from tyranny. (Rep.)

**COME ON, DANGER.** These Tim Holt Westerns are super—lots of action and scenery, with music synchronized so well with the action that the term "horse opera" becomes praise rather than a term of belittlement. Holt's an engaging fellow, too. (RKO)

**COWBOY SERENADE.** Gene Autry has decided to make the customers laugh, as well as thrill them, with his wonderful riding. This film has a good plot and lots of amusing incidents. (Rep.)

**FORBIDDEN TRAILS.** The Rough Riders (Buck Jones, Tim McCoy, and Raymond Hatton) in another thrilling Western. One of the horses, Silver, is not only beautiful to look at, but plays an important part in the story. (Mono.)

**MAN FROM CHEYENNE.** Roy Rogers and Gabby Hayes find that cattle rustlers lurk even in modern Wyoming. Between songs by the Sons of the Pioneers the boys unearth the villainy. Beautiful scenic backgrounds. (Rep.)

**RIDERS OF THE BADLANDS.** Charles Starrett plays a dual rôle as a Texas Ranger whose resemblance to an outlaw leader gets him into hot water. Cliff Edwards and Russell Hayden add interest. (Col.)

**THUNDERING HOOFS.** When Tim Holt finds a rival stagecoach line plagued by troubles, he decides to find out what's wrong, especially when suspicion points to his father. (RKO)

**VALLEY OF THE SUN.** Here's a Western with so many laughs in it and such utterly lovely scenery that you wouldn't care if the Indians stayed at home and the cowboys couldn't shoot. But don't get us wrong—James Craig and Dean Jagger are mighty quick on the trigger and the Indians whoop it up. There are stunning Indian ceremonial dances, the real thing. (RKO)

For description of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

# SKY RABBITS

not delirious, just dazed. You—you are Aunt Elizabeth?"

"I am your Aunt Elizabeth," said the firm one, inserting the thermometer in spite of Kate's protest. "Yes, I know Lewis Carroll, but I don't feel I've profited by the acquaintance. I suppose you intend to express surprise in finding yourself in the living room? You're here because you fainted in the front hall, and you're too big a girl to carry upstairs—even for me, and I'm another of the Big Browns. There seems to be one in each generation. I remember well your great-aunt Susan, a person of great force of character, who before her death attained the weight of three hundred pounds."

Kate stared at Aunt Elizabeth during this majestic delivery, and continued to stare when it was concluded. There was nothing she could do but stare, her mouth being effectively stopped up by the thermometer.

Aunt Elizabeth's hair was dark, with a band of silver that turned back from the temples and exposed a broad, low brow and deep-set dark eyes. Her features were well shaped, her skin fine and pale, her chin square. Kate felt a surge of pleasure. If she had designed Aunt Elizabeth herself, she couldn't have done better. Aunt Elizabeth looked every inch a distinguished relative. And there was a deep exhilaration in knowing that though her aunt was as large as Kate, and looked somewhat like Kate, she was still a very handsome woman.

"But how are the others?" Kate asked, jerking out the thermometer as she began to remember and to try to orient herself. "And what's the matter with us? My aunt's neck—pardon, Aunt Elizabeth—I don't even know when *now* is."

"Put that thermometer back immediately," said Aunt Elizabeth, rapidly hemming a curtain. "It was day before yesterday that I arrived."

Kate put it back with a murmur of amazement. More than a day had dropped out of her life.

"You all have the chicken pox," continued Aunt Elizabeth. "Chicken pox has taken the town, owing to the fact that the weak-minded keeper of the general store had it a week without noticing it, and dispensed germs with the groceries. You and Ruth have influenza along with it, and apparently you and Little Matt had the supreme idiocy to go skiing on top of that. Which accounts for the capers you cut on my arrival. Little Matt is all right; Ruth had a bad case, and is very badly broken out; your mother is getting along very well." She rose, took the thermometer, and read it. "I fancy you'll pull through now," she remarked and went toward the kitchen. "We have a no-account girl working here named Reldie Hichens," she said over her shoulder. "I'll have her bring you a glass of orange juice."

Kate could hear the decisive voice from the kitchen. "A glass of orange juice, please. Remember to strain it. Three oranges and no sugar."

The doorbell tinkled, and Kate heard Aunt Elizabeth's firm tread take her to the door, and heard Lena's lugubrious tones lifted. She wondered at Lena's unusual vehemence. "Lena," she called, in a voice that surprised her by raveling to a thread of sound.

Lena opened the door from the hall and poked her head in. Her eyes were red. "How are you feeling now, kid?" she asked.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

"Fine," answered Kate. "How's Lindalee?" Lena's face contorted. "Okay," she said faintly, and closed the door.

Kate stared at the closed door in alarm. "Lena," she tried to call again, but the sound didn't carry at all.

The door from the dining room opened cautiously, and Reldie presented a scared-looking face. Finding the room empty of Aunt Elizabeth, she came on with more confidence and handed Kate a smeary glass of orange juice.

"Is Lindalee sick?" Kate asked, taking the glass in a shaking hand.

"She had chicken pox, but not bad. But they've sent her to the hospital. *She* went down with her yesterday."

"To the hospital?" Kate's throat tightened. "Then she must be awfully sick."

"No, she rilly isn't," Reldie maintained. "But *she* said Lindalee wasn't in no condition to be took care of at home. She called an ambulance from Denver. Boy, did Lena take on! Didn't do no good, though."

Kate sipped orange juice in a state of dreamy daze. It was so astonishing. What manner of woman was this? At least, it was wonderful to see necessities accomplished so efficiently. "Did she get the stuff for the curtains yesterday, too, Reldie?"

"While she was in Denver, and that there plant, too," said Reldie, making her large eyes larger and rolling them. "I never seen a body do things so quick. Is she rilly your aunt?"

Kate nodded, and couldn't help adding, "Don't act so terrified, Reldie. Aunt Elizabeth doesn't bite people, I suppose. How come you're not at the store?"

"Fired," said Reldie. "When I came down with the chicken pox—Mr. Gerber, he took Lowndes's Eddy in my place. And he kep' him."

Aunt Elizabeth came back into the room, and Reldie snatched the glass and scurried away.

"I think it's wonderful about Lindalee," Kate began, almost shy in the face of this magnificence.

"It's only common sense," said Aunt Elizabeth crisply. "I can't conceive how the child could have been neglected so long."

Kate impetuously began, "I've meant—" but trailed off. How could she tell Aunt Elizabeth all her hopes and fears, her attempts and failures, in regard to Lindalee?

"Anyway, it's wonderful, your getting here right now, Aunt Elizabeth, when we needed you so badly. How'd we ever have got along without you? How did it happen you came now? Was it that letter I wrote you at Christmastime?"

"No," said Aunt Elizabeth. "I certainly shouldn't have come in the middle of winter to a spot like this if I hadn't been commissioned by my institution. I don't know how much you know about Bethlehem College—"

"I know all about it," answered Kate devoutly. "I've learned all the catalogs by heart."

"I can't imagine less profitable memory work," replied Aunt Elizabeth. "At any rate, from catalogs you wouldn't learn that in the summer Bethlehem College is the hottest place on earth, comparable to equatorial Africa. Naturally, we can't build up a good summer session. So the idea came up—why not a summer school in the Rockies?"

"And you thought maybe Sky Rock—" Kate breathed, sure her temperature must be rising.



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"I've no idea what location will prove appropriate," replied Aunt Elizabeth. "But so long as I was visiting this region, I thought I might as well stop and see you. Once here, naturally I saw my duty."

"Oh," murmured Kate, somewhat dashed at the idea of being a duty.

"And now you must go to sleep," said her aunt, folding the curtain. She went out, closing the door.

The next day Aunt Elizabeth set out to find a summer school location. Soon after she had departed, regal in her slim, elegant furs, Mom and Little Matt came creeping down the stairs, clinging to the balustrade.

"My word! Am I as spotty as you are?" Kate squeaked in horrified amusement.

"You're plenty spotty," Little Matt retorted.

"But Ruthie's worse," Mom sighed. "Don't say anything to her about it, Kate—her aunt has got her brooding over it enough. My land," she sat down heavily, "it does feel queer not to have any more strength than a dish rag! Likewise to sit in your own parlor and look at them things." She eyed the flow-ered curtains grimly.

"Say, I wonder if I could get Reldie to gimme a fried cake?" Little Matt inquired, sniffing with sudden zest. He took a wavering path toward the kitchen. "That woman's starving me. Nothing but juice. Gollies, I wish she'd go home."

Kate had listened to this flood of complaint with narrowing eyes. Now she burst out, "I suppose you're so upset by Aunt Elizabeth's candor that you can't appreciate all she's done for us."

Before Mom could speak, the hall door opened and Ruthie stood there.

"Oh, pet," Kate cried. Little Matt was spotty, but he was nothing to poor Ruth. Nobody so pretty had ever looked more dreadful.

Ruth took three faltering steps to the nearest chair. "I feel just as bad as I look," she said. "And that's plenty, according to my mirror and to Aunt Elizabeth, especially Aunt Elizabeth. You're hardly speckled at all, Kate. I call it unjust."

"On the contrary," (Kate loved saying 'on the contrary,' as Aunt Elizabeth so often did—it had such a neat and competent sound) "Fate's just trying to even things up a bit. Now what on earth, my dear idiot, are you doing out of bed?"

"I've got to knit," Ruth muttered.

"To knit?" Kate repeated. "How absurd!"

"I just have to," said Ruth faintly. "Chicken pox isn't carried, and Mrs. Ronca promised an order of sweaters to *Houck and Murphy's* in Denver by the fifteenth of March. There are a dozen yet to make, spinning and knitting both, and she can't possibly do it alone."

"Fritz!" exclaimed Kate, clapping her hands. They all stared at her. "He's learning to spin really well," she explained. "And he'd love to do it."

"Well, but the knitting?" demurred Ruthie. Pale and dizzy, she leaned her cheek on her hand. "I guess I can't, though, just yet," she confessed.

So Ruthie went back to bed, and Kate began to knit. She was knitting when Aunt Elizabeth came home from her reconnaissance.

"Did you find what you wanted?" Kate asked eagerly, straightening her aching back against the pillows.

"I found half a dozen summer resorts," snorted Aunt Elizabeth, "the atmosphere of which would be about as encouraging to scholarship as Kansas in July. You're knitting."

"I've got to," Kate sighed. "Ruthie has

it on her mind, and she nearly fainted to-day when she tried to begin. But I'm really not so very expert. You remember that scarf I sent you?"

"I supposed you were learning on that," Aunt Elizabeth remarked, leaning forward to examine the knitting, "but I see it's chronic. My idea, then, wouldn't be suitable. I thought perhaps you and Ruth could open a modest crafts department in connection with the summer school—especially if it should happen to locate here."

Kate forgot her moment of chagrin over the knitting. "Oh, but Ruth's good at all crafts, and I'm quite sure I could teach other people," she cried. "I know exactly how it *should* be done, you see." She went on working with her heart full of dreams.

Reldie brought in Kate's dinner. She put down the tray like a sleepwalker, her eyes on the knitting. "Say, Kate, would you let me try that just once?" she begged. "I've never had nothing to knit with, only raveled-out yarn and scraps."

Kate stared. "But this is for an order, Reldie."

"I'm a real good knitter," urged Reldie. "Even Momma says so."

Kate had never seen the girl so excited. "Well, I guess you can't do any harm," she said. "We can take it out if we have to. Knit one, purl one."

Reldie took the knitting into hands that grew marvelously sure as soon as they held the needles.

"You're good," Kate breathed after a stunned moment. "Who'd ever have thought you could do it! We're saved!" She leaned back in deep and luxurious relief, while the other knitted on, her cheeks burning with excitement.

"But I won't do it while that aunt is around," Reldie stated, inspired by her success to an unusual firmness.

Kate shook her head indulgently. People were absurdly sensitive about Aunt Elizabeth. She remembered various remarks her aunt had made to her—the one about great-aunt Susan, and that one about the knitting, particularly—and felt a sense of superiority. She had not been offended—though, of course, such home truths are not easy to swallow.

A FEW days later, Mom came into the parlor, saying irritably, "Where's Little Matt?"

"Has that boy gone out?" asked Aunt Elizabeth. "It shouldn't have been allowed. He may feel all right, but it's the recuperative stage of chicken pox that's dangerous. He should have been kept in."

"He was 'kept in,'" said Mom shortly. "I can't keep all the doors locked. Boys have legs that are longer than their ears, as you'd know if you had any of your own. Well, we've no need to wait dinner for him."

They were all downstairs for their meals now, though Ruthie had required considerable urging. Her scars were lavender, and Aunt Elizabeth had voiced the opinion that the one on her nose would stay.

Little Matt was half an hour late, and he banged the door defiantly.

"Little Matt, are your feet wet?" Mom accused. Of course they were.

"It does seem like even you would know better than that," Kate commented.

Little Matt turned on her with a face twisted by his effort at self-control. "It's Song-Dog, that's what," he sobbed. "He ain't been home since Christmas. I'm scared he's been trapped or something. It was him I was looking for."

"Now, Matt—" Mom began, but Aunt Elizabeth cut across with her clear and certain voice.

"Surely, Matt, you don't expect that coyote to keep coming back to see you every few weeks," she exclaimed. "Either he's completely gone native again, or he's met one of the usual disasters of his kind. As a matter of fact, I heard a man at the post office talking about coyotes to-day. He said he'd been trapping them as fast as he could, because the severe weather had driven them close to town, and they'd been getting in his chicken yard."

Little Matt's stricken face filled the silence with agony. "What if he should get in a trap and be killed?" he gasped. "Or what if he should just be hurt, like they sometimes are?" He shoved back his chair and stumbled out of the room.

Mom's eyes and Ruth's dropped, they were so full of pity and reproach, but Kate's, flaming with judgment, held Aunt Elizabeth's. They held them for a long minute.

"Aunt Elizabeth, that was cruel," she said.

"Cruel? It was true," Aunt Elizabeth answered composedly.

"But look how it hurt him!" Kate cried, hurt herself by Little Matt's pain. And then a cold calm came over her. She thought of all the wounds Aunt Elizabeth had inflicted since she came. "It's because you don't care how we feel."

There seemed to be only the two of them in the room.

"I follow my way of life," said Aunt Elizabeth sternly. "I believe in the truth, and I believe in speaking it, and I believe in helping people without sentimentality. Few understand me, but I thought you did." She stood up, very grand and remote.

"But Aunt Elizabeth, if you make everybody miserable, and yourself, too—youself, too, I'm sure!—what's the good in the end?" Kate cried.

"Very well, what *is* the good?" Aunt Elizabeth asked quietly. "It's your way, too, you know." She went out, and the room was terribly still.

Kate stared, white-faced, after her. "It's my way, too," she repeated numbly. Telling people truths that hurt them. Cutting straight through their hopes and illusions and fears. Never thinking about how they felt. The memory of Mrs. Ronca, a hundred other unnoticed incidents, flashed through her mind. For the first time she saw herself—a little too clearly.

"She's dragging her suitcases out of the storeroom," Ruth breathed.

"It wasn't right, you talking to her like that, Kate," Mom reproved, shaking her head. "I don't suppose we could ever persuade her to stay, after that."

"There goes the summer school and the crafts course and all," sighed Ruth. "But of course it was the truth you told her, Kate—just what I'd been itching to say to her myself."

"The truth!" Kate repeated, stricken. "And I wonder how it made her feel."

AUNT ELIZABETH left the next morning in an atmosphere of strained cordiality. Everyone thanked her for all she had done—Kate, especially, with a desperate, stiff fervor. But thanks had an ironic turn after what Kate had said, and Aunt Elizabeth neither accepted nor rejected them. She bade a formal farewell and went as she had come, apparently unperturbed by these relatives whose lives she had so strongly affected.

Little Matt didn't come down to say good-



by even when he was called to breakfast, even when the rickety taxi was at the door and Mom called lustily, "Matt! You, Matt!"

"Never mind," said Aunt Elizabeth, quitting the front porch. "Farewells are quite meaningless. Good-by, Maud. Good-by, girls." She was gone.

"That Little Matt!" sputtered Mom.

"I'll go up and fetch him," Kate offered, out of the blankness of the moment. She went slowly up the dark old stairs for the

first time since she was ill. Steep. Dark. The snow falling outside made the upper hall a dank cave.

At Little Matt's door she stood dazed for a moment. Empty. The square, bare little room was unmistakably empty, the bed smooth and straight, as Aunt Elizabeth had made it yesterday morning.

"Mom!" Kate called as soon as her throat relaxed. "Mom, he isn't here!"

(To be concluded)

## JANEY AND HIPPOCRATES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

girls, chiefly because something infinitely pathetic and appealing about him ached in her breast.

The girls tried everything they could think of to cheer the old man. They played the recordings of their chateaus on his small radio-phonograph; read sea stories to him; asked him questions about his own seafaring days—yet still he lay staring at the patch of blue and answering their efforts only in monosyllables.

One afternoon Janey had an inspiration. Sitting beside his bed, she said, "Won't you please hurry and get well, Captain Frost? We Mariners are just waiting for you to visit us and tell us stories and show us how to do some of the things we're kind of bungling at."

Mac cried, "Yes, we'd all love that! And, Captain Frost, you know what you could be? You could be our troop Grandfather."

"Fourteen grandchildren is a lot," Janey said.

Captain Frost muttered, "Hmph!"

Presently the girls filed out, standing in a discouraged huddle around the door.

"It's just no use," Mac said. "We can't get any response from him. I guess he won't be cheered until he's up and out of here."

"I don't see why Doctor Mallory thought we could do any good," Darcy sighed.

But Janey was still seeing that dull old face which should have been a lively old face. She said, "We *can* do something. We'll think of some way." Her eyes sparkled behind her glasses, and Mac and Candy felt their hearts suddenly lifting. If Janey could care enough to say, "We *can*" that way, then perhaps she was forgetting about being a nurse, and would be her old self again.

Candy said, "Well, anyway, here comes Doctor Mallory now. Let's tell him we haven't had any luck and see if he has any suggestions."

Janey turned. The dark-haired young intern was hurrying down the hall, walking with long, swinging strides. She began, "Doctor Mallory—" but with a short nod and a "Hello!" he continued on his way.

A nurse, coming from the opposite direction with a pile of blankets in her arms, stopped to speak to them. "Don't mind him," she said. "He's always that way when he has something big on his mind. His chief's due to operate a ruptured appendix and Doctor Mallory's assisting."

Janey was unusually quiet, cutting home down the wooded slope with Mac and Candy. She was thinking of the operating theater—the patient on the table, the white-gowned, white-masked doctors, the nurses standing by reading the signals given by the rubber-gloved fingers of the surgeons.

Candy said, "Janey, are you thinking of something to do for Captain Frost?"

"N-no," Janey came out of her reverie. "I mean, what more can we do? We've tried everything."

"But you said—"

"Well, I just can't think of anything more."

Mac spoke accusingly. "You haven't given up, have you?"

"I don't know what you mean," Janey answered impatiently. "There's nothing to give up. Dr. Mallory didn't say we were supposed to save his life or anything. He's all cured, anyway."

Mac bit her lip. "Well, whether you give up or not, Janey, we aren't going to. None of the rest of us. You know we never criticize you, Janey, but this time it's different. Don't you see how you're making all the girls feel? You're fine with Captain Frost and the others, but when you're alone with the girls, you act—well, as though you think we're not doing anything that counts. It discourages us. I think you ought to pull with us. We all have to pull together. You always have done that before—and now a lot of the others are beginning to feel it's a waste of time, too, fooling around the way we do. But we do the only things we can—and somebody has to do them."

Janey's eyes were wide with surprise. "Honestly, am I really doing that? I don't mean to. I guess it's just a personal thing. I feel my life is static until I can become a nurse. And I'll go right on feeling that way until I can go in training."

Candy said, "I see how you feel, but can't you care about anything else until you *can* go in training?"

"Of course I can," Janey assured her. "I care about the Scouts, and the Mariners, only—"

The trouble was they didn't understand. Or she didn't understand them. It made her miserable that there should be a difference between them, but she didn't know what to do about it.

WAITING for Janey next morning, Candy and Mac stood disconsolately on the corner in a drizzle that had begun before breakfast, the collars of their reversible raincoats turned up, the rain dripping off their hat brims. A gay whistle heralded Tad, and they turned to see him striding along, his slicker flapping about his long legs.

"What's becoming of West Haven womanhood anyway?" he demanded as he came up. "Janey's been going around for days now, looking as though someone had dropped a ten-ton safe on her head—and now you two look like undertakers in a business boom."

Candy said, "Oh, it's Janey that's the matter with us."

"Well, go on—continue. My shoulder was made to weep on. You three have made it that way."

(Continued on page 43)



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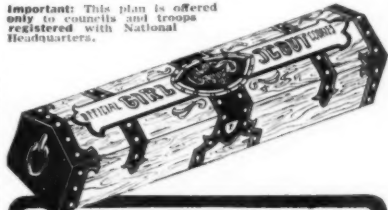
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# JANEY AND HIPPOCRATES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

Mac kicked at the soggy turf. "Oh, Tad, she wants to be a nurse, you know. It's all she thinks about. Every time she gets thinking about something else, she remembers that—and it makes her unhappy because she can't be one right away. You know how she is. She says she believes in the Service Bureau, but she wants to do something more, especially now that there's a war on. Darcy says it's all because of something Doctor Mallory said. Maybe it's partly that, but not all. Janey does kind of think he's the ice cream on the apple pie."

"And what can we do with her?" Candy demanded.

Tad pushed his hat back on his head. "Do? Gleeps, I don't know. Let her be a nurse. She wouldn't like it, she's not the type."

"But that's so long in the future—and there's a poor old man at the hospital we've been trying to entertain. We haven't had any luck with him—and Janey doesn't seem to care. Oh, she does care when she's with him, but she thinks it's not a big enough job. It isn't like Janey."

"Sure, it's like her," Tad said comfortingly. "She gets an idea and it's like fog in her head. She'll come around."

"No, you don't understand, Tad. This is serious."

Tad studied their faces. "What does he look like, this Doctor Mallory?" he asked shrilly.

"What's that got to do with it?" Candy asked.

"Oh, I dunno. I just wondered."

"He's awfully handsome," she told him.

Tad said, "Listen, you two. I'll think of something. I don't know what, but I'll think of it. Wait, here she comes now. She does look like Lady Macbeth in the sleepwalking scene. She'll probably come up murmuring something about all the perfumes of Araby."

"No," Candy said, "about all the ethers of the Polyclinic."

Janey joined them. She looked unhappy and she didn't even bother to give Tad his share of insults for the day. The four walked along, their rubbers squeaking on the wet pavement, their spirits as damp as the trees.

Presently they came out on Palmer Avenue and walked toward the school. The sidewalk on both sides of the street was crowded with boys and girls on their way to school, and the wet street was busy with traffic, mothers driving children to school, wives driving their husbands to the station.

A car skidded on the wet trolley tracks and Tad whistled. "They'd better look out! It's a good day—or I mean bad—for accidents."

And then it happened—suddenly, numbingly, as though lightning had shot down from the February sky. A car bound for the station pulled out into the tracks, passing another car. A little girl ran out, without looking, toward friends on the other side of the street. The driver of the first car jammed on

his brakes to avoid hitting her. There was a hideous screeching and then the squealing of skidding tires. The car slewed off across the road, barely missing another oncoming car, and crashed sickeningly into a telephone pole, the framework of the body crumpling as the pole passed through the front seat. People screamed, cars stopped, drivers poured out.

Tad cried, "Come on!" and the four raced across the street.

The next few minutes would always remain to Janey a confused nightmare, though she remembered that all four had acted as calmly as though it were no more than first-aid practice. Tad said, "The driver!" and was pulling at the door, already half torn from its hinges. Mac had turned to the crowd and was speaking as easily as though she were ushering people to seats at a play. "Please don't crowd. Please keep back." Candy had said, "I'll go to the house up there and call for an ambulance."

Janey helped Tad with the door. Somehow, they had it off and were lifting out the driver. He was unconscious, his face cut by flying glass.

"I think his legs are broken," Tad said quietly.

Then two policemen arrived, one keeping back the crowd, the other helping with the driver.

"Looks like an arterial wound at his temple," Tad muttered. "Janey, can you put pressure above it, while we see how bad these others are? We'd better not touch his legs—the ambulance will be here in a minute."

Janey did as Tad advised and as she had been taught to do—and almost at once there was the screech of the ambulance siren and Doctor Mallory was pushing his way through, bending over the victim.

He said, "All right, Janey. Good girl!"

"Lucky these Scouts were here," the officer told him.

Tad took Janey's arm. "Let's go, Janey. I think we've done all we can."

"Yes," Janey said. She took a step forward—and to her pained surprise she saw the ground coming up to meet her. She murmured, in a small bewildered voice, "Why, Tad, I think I'm going to faint."

JANEY walked listlessly down the hospital corridor. She had had to stay late after classes, working on the school paper, and the others had gone on ahead to the hospital. The familiar antiseptic smell assailed her nose, but there was neither joy, nor impatience to belong to those odors, within her now.

She was thinking, "I'll ask to be allowed to do some other work for the Service Bureau. Me, a nurse! I fainted just like any helpless female. I toppled over on my face. Tad was wonderful—and Mac and Candy. And I keeled over like a mid-Victorian whatnot! I never can be a nurse. I know it now."

Dr. Mallory came out of the passage to the accident ward. He cried cheerily, "Hello there, Angel of Mercy!"

(Continued on page 45)



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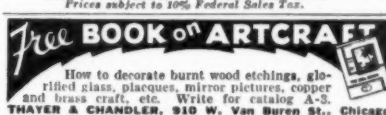
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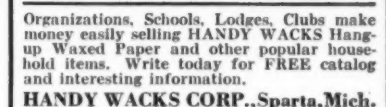


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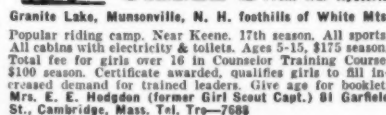


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DILSEY AND PAUL

KIT CARSON, COLORADO: I have received THE AMERICAN GIRL for quite some time and hope to receive it for a long time yet. I am going to see to it that my children and their children receive it when they are old enough.

On our trip this summer, we passed through many States, but I didn't see any I liked as well as Colorado.

I am in the seventh grade this year and am twelve years old.

I do so like Dilsey Mercer, and I hope you will have more about Paul Guthrie and Dilsey because I like stories about boys and girls who fight and then make up again.

Of all my studies, I like English best. My main hobby is collecting trinkets.

Norma Jean Pearson

#### SIMPLY HORRIBLE

MANCHESTER, MISSOURI: My favorite characters in THE AMERICAN GIRL magazine are Midge and Lucy Ellen. I also enjoy the serial, *Sky Rabbits Unlimited*.

I've just come home from a Girl Scout meeting where one of the leaders of our Troop No. 131 fixed the neck of my first sweater for the Red Cross.

I am thirteen years old and I attend St. Joseph's school. My favorite hobbies are reading, stamp collecting, singing, and piano. I also draw a bit, besides keeping pets—a Scottie, two cats, and two goldfish.

Last week the pond in our town was frozen solid—and I didn't even get to skate because of my cold! It's simply horrible to think that it may be the last time it freezes hard enough to skate on this winter, and I missed it.

I hope my letter will not seem strange, compared to all the thousands of wonderful letters you receive from all parts of the world.

Joan Wombacher

#### SISTER'S AMBITION

RONKONKOMA, LONG ISLAND: I receive THE AMERICAN GIRL every month. Sometimes I do not like the stories. My favorite character is Lofty. I like the jokes—they are good.

I am a Girl Scout, and I am twelve years old and in the sixth grade. I do not like school very much. My best subject is spelling, my worst is arithmetic.

I have two pets, a cat named Whitey and a dog named Fluffy. Fluffy is very cute. When I open the door, both pets come into the house—and my aunt does not like them to come in! I call them "pests" instead of "pets."

# A penny for your thoughts



I live with my aunt because my mother and father go to work, but my aunt is like a mother to me, for I have lived with her since I was five years old.

I have a sister eleven years old. She is a tomboy. She said to me one day that she would like to join the army.

Josephine Marreale

#### AIR HOSTESS

ETNA, NEW YORK: I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for a year—and now I would hate to be without it. My favorite characters are Bushy, Lofty, Dilsey—and one can't help liking Lucy Ellen, she is such an all-American girl! I most sincerely agree with Muriel Minton that none of the characters in this magazine are goody-goodies.

I am ten years old and in the sixth grade. I am not a Girl Scout as there is no troop in our town, but as soon as I go on to a larger school I shall become one.

My ambition is to become a nurse and, if possible, an air hostess. I have taken two airplane rides which lasted an hour and a half. Those two rides gave me the thrill of my life.

Joan A. Hance

#### MORE ABOUT GLASSES

ALBANY, NEW YORK: I have just read Joyce Hunter's letter in *A Penny for Your Thoughts* in the January number, and I agree with her on the subject of glasses and believe that most of the spectacled brigade feel more or less the same way.

I am fifteen and have had to use specs since I was seven—and it's no good pretending they are no drawback, or believing it when people say to your face that they suit you, when you have frequently heard them say the contrary when they think you are not listening. "Isn't it dreadful that Anne is saddled with those awful glasses for life? They ruin her looks."

I have blond hair and blue eyes, if you can discover them behind the specs. My brother is a year and a half older and we are great pals, although he sometimes teases me. He says things like, "With those ice cubes on your nose, don't expect the boys to notice that it has quite a nice shape."

Last summer he took me to a dance, and before we started out he said I must remember that I had two strikes against me to begin with—"one for each eye." I danced several dances with one boy who said, "There is one thing about a girl with spectacles, she is not likely to be the type who only thinks

of her looks." I must have looked rather unhappy, for he made it worse by adding, "And you have more of a chance of having her to yourself without everybody cutting in." He meant well and was embarrassed when he saw he had expressed himself that way.

But that's what we blind bats are up against. So perhaps writers will take note and give us a break by showing us more often in parts of glory.

Anne Mannings

#### SWEET DREAMS, JEANNE!

CLEVELAND, OHIO: I've been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for a year now and am just embarking on a two-years' subscription. Although I am not a Girl Scout, I enjoy our magazine greatly. Midge and Dilsey rate high with me. Right now *Sky Rabbits* has me enthralled. My uncle once raised rabbits, and when the barn where they were kept burned down, I was heartbroken. I guess the story appeals to my "rabbity" feelings.

I am fifteen and a sophomore in James Ford Rhodes High School. After I finish high school, I plan to enter Schaufler College to prepare for missionary work, preferably among the migrants. Schaufler really is a wonderful place. I've had the opportunity to visit there three times this year, thanks to a friend of mine who is a senior at the college.

I've told myself dozens of times that I was going to write to you—and yet here I am just doing it now! As I sit here with ammonia fumes from a new permanent still tickling my nose, it slowly dawns on me that maybe I ought to go to bed, since it is pretty late and I am pretty tired. Added to that is the fact that I have numerous little toothaches which amount to one big toothache, due to those contraptions called "braces"—so I agree with myself! Good night.

Jeanne L. Root

#### ARCHÆOLOGY

TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS: I have received THE AMERICAN GIRL for two years, and my sister before me for four years.

I am twelve years of age and in grammar school. My ambition is to become an archaeologist. I wish you would put in some stories on archaeology. My favorite sports are ice skating, skiing, swimming, and sailing. I also like to read.

I have a pet cat named Petter and he is six years of age. He is very playful when I run through the fields with him.

Miriam Coffin

Do you want to be a Girl Scout? If so write to Girl Scouts Inc., attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York City

# JANEY AND HIPPOCRATES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

"Hello," Janey said, without looking up. "What's wrong? Did you know your friend of the accident is doing nicely?"

"That's good." She started to walk away.

"Wait!" Dr. Mallory held out a hand to detain her. "What's the matter with you?"

His manner was sympathetic and Janey found herself confessing, "Everything's the matter. You saw what I did yesterday? Fainted. Nobody else fainted—just me."

"What of that? You were cool as a cucumber when you had to be."

"But afterward. And I can't even think of it without feeling all weak and horrible. I could never be a nurse, Doctor Mallory. I couldn't bear it. I guess I just thought of people lying quietly in bed with their hands folded, and not about bones and blood, the real part of it. And I wanted so to be a nurse. It seems to me the one worth-while thing for a woman to do in times like these—you know, to relieve pain and heal wounds and devote herself to humanity."

Dr. Mallory said quietly, "How much of that do you mean, Janey? How much is glamour, and how much is really wanting to help humanity?"

She said in bewilderment, "Why, it's all wanting to help!"

"Come along with me. I was looking for your group—but I'll show you first."

He led her upstairs and down the corridor to Captain Frost's room. "Be quiet," he said. "Just look in."

Bewildered, she peered around the edge of the screen that had been placed before the open door. Why, the old man was sitting up! A movable lapboard was tilted before him and his knotted hand held a pencil, which he was laboriously pushing over a pad. The ends of his white mustaches were twirled up dashingly and he was humming to himself.

The intern drew Janey away. "You can go in later," he said, "when I'm finished with you. Janey, no nurse did that, no doctor. You did it—you and the other girls from the Service Bureau. Oh, it was only a little thing—just giving life back to an old man who was through with it. For he *was* through with it, Janey. It was more than cheering you gave him. I did not tell you that—I didn't want you to feel conscious of what you were doing. It was my idea, and my chief seconded it, that you girls could give him something none of the rest of us could. Just a chance, but you have to take some chances. I told you he was cured—and he was, medically speaking. But medicine can't do everything. He had lost the will to live. That will is just about everything, Janey. The sea was his life and he'd lost that and had nothing else to substitute. He wanted to die. You made him want to live. We began to notice the change after you had been here the other day. He ate dinner that night and listened to his radio. Yesterday he sat up for the first time and read. And this morning he said to me, 'Doc, can you get me a piece of paper? I've got a little story in mind to set down for my granddaughters—it'll have to do 'em, Doc, until I can get around and talk to them.'"

Janey said, "Granddaughters? Then we *did* get to him! But do you really mean that? We saved his life?"

"You certainly did; my hat's off to you!"

She couldn't speak. She wanted to say

something and words would not come. Shame flooded up over her, and a kind of pride, too. Not for herself, for all of them. She murmured, "I've got to find the others and tell them."

"You do that. And by the way, Janey, you can take your hat off to me, too. Lily and I are going to be married."

"Congratulations," Janey murmured. Then she was racing off toward the Women's Ward.

"I CAN'T get over it," Candy said for the hundredth time on the way home, shaking her curly brown mop of hair, "the way Captain Frost has changed—and what you told us Doctor Mallory said we did."

Janey said, in what was for her a very humble tone, "I hope all the kids are going to forgive me. I thought I wanted to be a nurse because I could be more *help*—and now I see that all of us, working together, were as much help as any nurse, or doctor, or anybody else could have been. When I saw Captain Frost sitting up to-day—well, something just turned over in me. I guess it's never the size of the job that counts—it's the results of it. And, well, it's like this—everyone thinks the pilot of a big plane, like a Flying Fortress, should get all the praise—and forgets that there wouldn't ever be any Flying Fortress if it weren't for all the thousands of tiny nuts and bolts holding it together. We're like the nuts and bolts now—and no matter how big each one of us gets to be separately, we'll never be any more important than we are right now. You know what I mean!"

They poked her affectionately in the ribs to show they did.

Tad was waiting on the front steps of the Lewis home when they arrived. He shouted, "Hiya, Red!" He was in uniform and quite presentable.

"Hello, brainfag," Janey said cheerfully.

Tad stretched his legs. "Say, Janey I've got something to tell you. I saw Pete Barrow to-day—you know, he's the reporter on the *Daily Star*—and he wants us to do a feature article together, a kind of eyewitness account of the accident. He said the four of us were the heroes of the day. I told him you fainted and I had the worst case of shakes afterward, but he said we were still heroes. The paper carried the story yesterday afternoon, of course, but he seems to think it would be a good article if we both wrote it up together—since you do the Girl Scout news for the paper and I do the Boy Scout items."

"That's a swell idea!" Janey cried. She settled herself on the steps beside him, her eyes sparkling. "You know, Tad, I'm glad I fainted. A writer should have all the experiences she can get—and now I can describe how it feels to faint. Well, let's see—how are we going to do it?"

Mac whispered to Candy, "Tad's a good guy, isn't he? He said he'd do something—and I'll bet anything he cooked this idea up and gave it to Pete Barrow himself."

Janey leaned forward to speak to the girls. "Oh, I forgot to tell you something," she said. "Doctor Mallory's going to marry that cute floor nurse, Lily."

"Is he?" Candy said. "That's nice."

Janey shrugged, "Oh, I don't know," she said airily. "His ears stick out awfully."

Tad grinned. "Mine don't," he told her cheerfully. It was then that Candy and Mac decided his motives might not be as altruistic as they had thought.

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## Can You QUALIFY as a SKY HOSTESS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

where she can be located when off duty, as she is subject to call at all times. Her schedule may change within a few hours so that it is sometimes difficult for her to make engagements ahead of time. Night flying sometimes makes her hours very irregular.

These disadvantages are soon forgotten, however, in the excitement of actual flying. When the stewardess reports to take charge of her plane, she reaches the airport an hour ahead of actual flying time. She checks on the weather with the pilot and copilot, even though under present war conditions she is not allowed to give out this information to the passengers. Then she enters the plane as it is wheeled out from the hangar, puts her name plate in the holder, and checks the interior of the plane to make sure that it is clean and that the supplies aboard are adequate. She receives the flight manifest, or list of passengers, and takes note of their names and reasons for flying. These may read "business," "death in the family," or "first flight." This helps her determine the way in which she will handle each individual. As the passengers come aboard, she checks off each name on her list and from that time on she is expected to address each passenger by his or her name. She seats the passengers, calls their attention to various features of the service, and offers papers and magazines. While the plane is on the ground, she must enforce the "No smoking" rule.

As time for the take-off approaches, the "Fasten seat belts" sign flashes on. The hostess receives the plane pouch which contains the mail, the express records, and the logbook for the plane. She goes forward, passing out packages of gum while making sure that all seat belts are fastened. Then she buckles herself into her own jump seat before the plane takes off.

As soon as the plane is in the air, she unfastens the safety belt and goes forward with the logbook to the officers' cabin. Her time there is limited to three minutes at any one time during the flight. Then she comes back through the plane to attend to the needs of the passengers. She takes each coat, tags it, and hangs it in a space provided at the rear of the plane. She adjusts seats, supplies pillows and blankets to those who wish to sleep, and arranges curtains to suit the passengers' convenience.

Then, as soon as everyone is comfortable, the stewardess usually begins the preparation of a meal. Hops between airports are short and it is quite a trick to serve twenty-one passengers, allowing them plenty of time to

enjoy an unhurried meal, collect the trays, and have everything cleared away again before the next stop is made. Passengers are almost always ready to eat. One major air line serves over half a million meals in the air each year.

After the meal, passengers may wish to write letters, post cards, or telegrams. Stationery is provided by the company and a portable typewriter is available.

The stewardess usually spends a few minutes in conversation with each passenger. Here her good manners and tact are important. Many of the people she meets are leaders in the world to-day, busy men and women who make the headlines in the news. In order to talk to them intelligently, the hostess must keep up with current events. She reads the daily paper, *Reader's Digest*, and perhaps a news magazine. She points out places of interest along the route. Over the world's shortest telephone, that extending from the rear of the plane to the cockpit, she obtains information from the pilot concerning probable landing time, progress of the flight, etc. No matter what the provocation, she must never indulge in argument with a passenger, or give a flippant answer.

If people tire of reading and looking out of the windows, the hostess may suggest games. These also may be used to fill in time when landing is delayed, due to ice fields or severe storms. At such a time, the hostess must remain calm. She mingles with the passengers, smiling reassuringly, and does her best to keep their minds off the delay.

Special service must be given to special types of passengers. These include babies, children, and old people, though babies do not travel by plane unless accompanied by a parent, or older person. A special kit including crackers, soup, strained vegetables, cereal, bowl and spoon, diapers, and a toy is put aboard the plane for each baby carried. The stewardess heats the baby's bottle and feeds the infant, to give the mother an opportunity of eating the food on her tray, undisturbed. Children over eight years of age may travel alone in care of the stewardess. As a rule, they are good passengers. They are usually thrilled at flying, well informed about the operation of a plane, and entertaining to the other passengers. If no one should appear at the airport to meet a child passenger, he remains in custody of the stewardess until called for, even if she has to take him to her home, or to her hotel, in the meantime. Air-line companies are not obliged to accept passengers over eighty years of age, although some people who are even older do fly. Some

elderly people find flying the easiest way of getting around the country to visit their relatives.

As the trip nears its end, the hostess finds out which passengers will require taxis upon landing and which ones expect to leave the terminal in the company limousine. She telephones this information to the pilot and he radios the ground. She returns the passengers' coats, helps them to gather up their belongings, and sees that their seat belts are buckled for landing. She fastens herself into her own seat. The plane glides down to the ground and the trip is over.

The passengers file off the plane. Many stop for a pleasant good-by to the hostess. She makes a final check of the plane. If any article has been left aboard in spite of her efforts, she tags it for *Lost and Found*. She turns in her reports and is ready to go home.

Home generally means an apartment shared with other hostesses. By pooling their resources, these girls are often able to employ a maid to do the cooking and to look after their clothes. If the hostess is away from her base, she rides in the crew car to a first-class hotel where the company maintains a standing reservation for its hostesses.

The chances are that the telephone starts ringing as soon as she gets in, for air hostesses are popular girls. Most of them excel at sports, and they are always ready to play tennis or badminton, to go tobogganing, swimming, trapshooting, bicycling, or horse-back riding. Their schedules often allow them to stop over at such places as Sun Valley or Lake Mead, where they take active part in the resort life. They are often called upon to address clubs and groups of high school girls, and they are sometimes made honorary members of societies. Several are honorary Rangers.

Air hostesses can take grand vacations, with their two thousand to six thousand miles free transportation upon company lines allowed annually, depending upon length of service. Each girl also receives a vacation with pay, the length of which depends upon her term of service. One hostess kept her job for eleven years, after which she retired to the health department of her company, but she is the exception. What with eligible suitors among doctors met while in training, aviation personnel, and occasionally passengers, eighteen months is about as long as the average hostess can hold out against that little fellow with the wings and the bow and arrows. You know, you see him on valentines!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

raft and again seated themselves in council.

Nana-bo-jou waited till all were once more attentive, then continued, "Now, for this new earth I need a bit of sand, a little ooze from the bottom of the sea. Who will dive to the depths of the ocean, and bring me a handful of mud?"

Promptly came the voice of the Loon, "I will go, Nana-bo-jou. I am the best diver of the whole company. I can swim under water for half a mile. It's nothing to me to go to the bottom of the sea. I'll bring you the whole floor of the ocean, if you say so."

Nana-bo-jou smiled and replied, "Loon, there is something in what you say. You certainly are a good swimmer and a great diver.

## THE CREATION OF THE LAND

True, it would be a little more convincing if you put your worth in more modest terms, but go—and see what you can do."

The Loon strutted to the edge of the raft, warmed by the admiring glances of the other animals. He paused there a moment, fully aware of the heroic rôle he was assuming; then, with a final chuckle, he took a deep breath and dived into the sea.

There was tense silence for many minutes. All appreciated the seriousness of the undertaking and awaited with anxiety the outcome of the Loon's adventure.

The rings of disturbance in the water, caused by the Loon's dive, subsided into calm again. The eyes of all the animals scanned

the surface in every direction, but nothing appeared.

Suddenly Nana-bo-jou exclaimed, "Look!" And toward them floated the body of the Loon, dead. They seized it as soon as it was within reach. They turned it over, anxiously examining it, hoping against hope that a speck of mud would have clung to the feathers. But not a sign was there of Loon's having reached the bottom.

The animals looked sadly at one another, then with beseeching eyes at Nana-bo-jou.

"Poor little braggart," whispered the Wonder-Worker. "You did your best, but it was not good enough."

(Continued on page 48)



# LAUGH AND GROW SCOUT

## Logical

TEACHER: Mary, this composition on milk was supposed to be two pages long—and yours is only half a page!

MARY: But I wrote about condensed milk, Miss Jones.—Sent by GWENDOLYN WEYL, Brush, Colorado.

## Important

An old man in the movies was looking for something he had dropped. He was making a terrible commotion about it.

A lady sitting next him asked, "What are you looking for?"

"A caramel," he answered.

The lady said, "Are you making all that fuss over a caramel?"

"Yes, madam," he replied, "my teeth are in it."—Sent by JOAN SCANTLEBURY, Brooklyn, New York.

## Not Catching

Little Bobbie had been cautioned not to play with children who had signs on their homes, for fear of sickness.

Later he came rushing in. "Mama, I was over to Freddie's house, but I can't play with him! He's got HEMSTITCHING."—Sent by VERNELLE LISKOW, Council Bluffs, Iowa.



## Inevitable

SONNY: Mother, what becomes of a car when it's too old to run?

MOTHER: Someone sells it to your father.—Sent by JEAN URCH, Benton Harbor, Michigan.

## The Prize-Winning Joke



## To Match

MRS. FASHION: Maggie, I want to take one of the children to church with me this morning.

MAGGIE: Which one, ma'am?

MRS. FASHION: Well, which one do you think would go best with my red ensemble?—Sent by ROBERTA HANNA, Kokomo, Indiana.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

## Wasteful

LITTLE WILLIE (to a purring cat on his bed): Well, if you're going to park there all day, why don't you turn off your engine?—Sent by LYDELLE HERTZLER, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

## His Name

Some Eastern tourists, traveling through the Southwest, met several Indians at a reservation. The Indians were dressed in their native regalia, and the chief, in a typical deep Indian baritone, announced, "Me Brave Eagle!" Then he pointed to another Indian with a small child beside him.

"This my son, Great Hawk—and this my grandchild, Douglas Bomber."—Sent by PATRICIA KENT, Mattoon, Illinois.



## Dangerous

MRS. DASHER: When we were in Egypt we visited the pyramids, and some of the stones were literally covered with hieroglyphics.

MRS. GUSHER: I hope none of them got on you. Some of those foreign insects are terrible.—Sent by LAURA ANN LOHMEIER, Cincinnati, Ohio.

## My Mistake!

TEACHER: Bobby, what is your mother's name?

BOBBY: Mrs. Green.

TEACHER: I know that, but what name does your daddy call her?

BOBBY: Daddy doesn't call her any names. He likes her.—Sent by KATHRYN FOSTER, St. Louis, Missouri.

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## SURPRISE!

Daughter," he said with gusto as she ran to open the door.

Selah, in a clean white apron, stood in the hall displaying a crescent of white teeth, and he handed her Mrs. Mercer's suitcase, turning once more to his wife. "Well, I must get back to the office, honey. Jacobus is coming in this afternoon to talk about that Kellogg foreclosure. I can't waste any more time on you." He stooped to kiss her, and was gone.

Dilsey hustled her mother past the living-room door and, upstairs in the big front bedroom, busied herself hanging up Mrs. Mercer's coat and stowing away her best hat in its box in the closet.

Her mother was still full of the excitement of her visit. As she stood before the mirror, dabbing her nose with a powder puff, Dilsey thought she had seldom seen her look so young and pretty. More like an older sister than a mother. Mrs. Mercer's eyes were bright and her voice was gay. "I'm so glad to be home, Daughter. I couldn't have stayed away another hour. But I've had a splendid time. Cousin Lora has been too good. We went everywhere and saw everything. And isn't her apartment a dream? She's been doing some furnishing since you were there. Her new curtains—well, I wish you could see them! She says they've transformed the place, and I can believe it. Glazed chintz with the most beautiful bunches of spring flowers."

At the mention of house furnishings Dilsey quailed. "They must be lovely," she replied in a tone so subdued that, in the mirror, her mother's eyes fixed her with a familiar glance of penetrating suspicion. But in an instant she was her new gay self again. "Come on, darling! Let's look over our own dear old house." With an arm about Dilsey's waist she came downstairs, still chatting of her visit, and together they paused at the living-room door.

Mrs. Mercer stepped inside—and her glance fell on the chair. "What in the world is that?" she demanded, frowning in startled dismay. Apparently Selah's prediction had come true. The mistress of the house was scarcely inside the door before the enormity

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

of the raspberry chair knocked her eye out.

Dilsey stammered out the story, and her mother's words leaped forth in bitter reproach. "Oh, Delia Mercer, you didn't! Dilsey, how could you?"

"It was a surprise, Mother. But I forgot about the curtains. They don't seem to match very well, do they?"

"A surprise?" Mrs. Mercer murmured. "I'd call it a shock. Why didn't you wait till I got home? How much did you pay for that—thing?"

"Forty dollars."

"So it took forty dollars to ruin our living room. Dilsey, I give up."

"Daddy likes it," Dilsey countered.

"Daddy doesn't know what he likes—nor care, so long as it's comfortable," Mrs. Mercer stepped forward and laid her hand on the back of the chair. Bending to examine it, she rubbed the material with a finger. "I will say it's beautifully made, and the color, in itself, is lovely. But what can we do with it? With our rust-colored curtains it's simply terrible. I could put it up in Stan's room—but it's your father's easy chair and I know he wouldn't be willing to part with it."

Dilsey sank into a seat and her eyes filled with tears. All this had resulted from her own rashness—she had taken all the happiness out of the home-coming. But her mother had wanted her to take responsibility. A half-smothered sob escaped her.

Mrs. Mercer came over and patted her daughter's shoulder. "There, there, dear," she comforted, "Mother shouldn't have been so cross—but it was kind of a disappointment, you know. However, I've just thought of something. Perhaps this mistake may prove to be a blessing in disguise after all."

She walked from window to window, fingering the draperies. "We've had these old things forever—and I'm tired of them. Maybe when I explain to Father how lovely the chair is—but how simply awful with this rust color—he'll be willing to let us have new curtains. I really believe he will. Something that'll harmonize. Flowered chintz, perhaps, like Cousin Lora Thatcher's."

## THE CREATION OF THE LAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

Now up spoke the Beaver. There was a note of sadness and restraint in his voice as he said, "Nana-bo-jou, I have dived often around the edges of the raft and have never found a bottom. But if you say there is one, I will try again—and perhaps I can bring you a bit of mud."

"Good," applauded Nana-bo-jou. "The best of luck to you!"

The Beaver jumped off the edge of the raft, making a great slap with his tail as he dived. Again there was a long wait. All knew that the Beaver in his quiet way was as good as the Loon, but the fate of the poor bird was too fresh in their minds to allow much hope.

Suddenly Nana-bo-jou sat up and exclaimed, "Look!" There, at some distance, floated toward them the body of the Beaver. As soon as they could, they hauled it on to the raft. There was still a breath of life left, and all worked to restore Beaver to consciousness. They finally succeeded, but not a ves-

tige of mud could they find on his person.

As soon as the Beaver could speak, he told how he had dived deeper and deeper into the sea, had risen and dived again and again—but try as he might, he could not reach the bottom. His last desperate effort was all he could remember, until he found himself again among his friends on their floating raft of reeds. He was sad and disconsolate, but the words of Nana-bo-jou cheered him.

"Never mind, Beaver," said the Wonder-Worker. "You did the best you could. We are grateful for the effort."

Now all knew that there was small chance of solving their problem, and that presently they would perish. If Loon and Beaver had failed, there was little hope of success for any other of them.

After a time, a soft voice spoke gently to the Wonder-Worker. "Nana-bo-jou, I am only the Muskrat. I cannot swim as fast as the Loon, nor talk as loud. Neither am I great like my brother Beaver. But I am willing to try. I will do my best. I can swim fairly well, and dive a little. Since no one here thinks he is more capable, I will

make the best attempt that is in my power. What say you, great Nana-bo-jou?"

"Muskrat," replied the Wonder-Worker, "you may be weak in body, but your spirit is great. Sometimes that is more important than strength of limb. The soul within is all-abiding. Perhaps you are destined to be our salvation. Go, and good luck to you!"

The Muskrat, without further delay, slipped over the edge of the raft. He sank beneath the surface and was gone.

There was admiration but little hope in the faces of the animals, each realizing that unless the strong-souled little Muskrat succeeded in finding a bit of mud, all was lost. They would have to continue in their present plight until destruction and desolation should overtake them. Each was absorbed in his own thoughts and did not note the passage of time. Nana-bo-jou alone watched with keen eye the far reaches of the shoreless sea.

But nothing happened. All day they sat in silent concentration, neither eating nor drinking. All their thoughts were intent on the reappearance of the Muskrat.

Darkness came, and still they waited. It was a long vigil, through the night, and many a deep sigh of resignation was heard in the blackness.

When day was breaking in the sky, all hope had fled. In their despair they accepted the failure of the Muskrat as their final defeat.

But with the growing of the light, suddenly Nana-bo-jou arose and bent over the far edge of the raft. Something had caught his ever watchful eye. After groping about in the water for a moment, he returned to his place, carrying tenderly the body of the brave Muskrat. Muskrat's fur was drenched with long immersion and stiff with the cold of the sea. His eyes were closed and his head thrown back, but across his mouth there seemed to be an expression of triumph and of joy. His tiny paws were clasped tight across his breast, and on these the eyes of Nana-bo-jou were fixed.

He laid the body of the Muskrat gently upon the raft, then silently motioned to the other animals to come near.

When all were in a close circle about the animal hero and the hero god, the latter put his big, kindly hand over the clasped paws of the Muskrat. In a few moments the warmth engendered was enough to enable Nana-bo-jou to force open Muskrat's little paws—and there between them, tight under the chin, was a little bit of mud. It was no more than damp, so carefully had the Muskrat guarded it.

With one accord the group breathed a long sigh, and settled back into their places to see what the Wonder-Worker was about to do.

Nana-bo-jou flattened the tiny mass upon the palm of one hand and, with the other, spread it to its fullest extent. He held it high above his head and, by his power, caused it to spin in a circle. Nana-bo-jou then took up his medicine drum and beat upon it, and to the rhythm of the beat, he sang a song of magic. The flat disk of mud swung about. It grew larger and larger, until it could no longer be held in check. It rose above their heads, and as it spun and grew, it floated out over the water.

The animals watched with amazement the whirling mass as it increased and took shape. When it was so large that they could no longer see all around it, Nana-bo-jou ceased his singing. The land slowly sank to the surface of the sea and lay still.

With gratitude in their hearts the animals turned back to the body of the Muskrat. They would show to him such honor as none of them had ever yet imagined.

But when they approached the place where Muskrat lay, they saw that breath had returned to his body. His eyelids flickered and he stirred. They hastened to revive him, and he soon responded to their tender ministrations.

Then was there great joy on the raft, and a feast was soon prepared. With happiness in their hearts, the animals thanked the Great Spirit who had made this possible; they thanked Nana-bo-jou who had done the work of making the wide land; and they thanked the heroic little Muskrat who had enabled his brothers to live in peace and plenty for the rest of time.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS AND OLD FRIENDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

en over the splendid Pan-American Highway from Laredo, Texas. But you will notice, too, that many are young people, carrying books. And you will ask yourselves what those boys and girls are doing there. They will tell you that they are college students, taking a summer course at the ancient University of Mexico, which was founded, incidentally, in the year 1551, eighty-five years before the first American university was founded at Harvard.

For a number of years American students have been taking courses at the University of Mexico, as they have at the old University of San Marcos, in Lima, Peru, also founded in 1551. In both places, the American young people always have been warmly received and made to feel at home. In Colombia, groups of American boys and girls have been invited to attend college as guests in the homes of nice families.

Of course, the great drawback for this interchange of students is the difference in language. It is just as hard for a boy or girl in Latin America to take a course in an American college, as it is for a youngster

here to follow lectures in the southern countries. Therefore, the little groups that go from the United States to Latin American colleges or schools are made up of young people who understand Spanish, and the Latin Americans who come to this country have at least a working knowledge of English.

This same difference of language has prevented people on both sides from knowing much about what the others are doing. Few American books are translated into Spanish, or Portuguese (the language of Brazil), and even when they are translated only a few copies are sold, because they are too expensive for the average Latin American reader. So, really, it is only through moving pictures that the southern peoples know anything about life in the United States. And moving pictures are made to entertain, not to teach.

In the case of the United States conditions are still worse, because Latin American books are rarely translated into English, and the very few Latin American movies that come into this country are shown only in a dozen or so small theaters, chiefly in New York and Los Angeles. That is why so little is known here about our southern neighbors.



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Have you thought of the future in terms of what the nursing profession has to offer you? Have you analyzed your interest and potentialities for the field of nursing? Have you investigated the schools of nursing and learned of their entrance requirements?

Plan now for the future. Your Country needs 50,000 young women to begin training for nursing careers. It is not only the call of a world at war but the call of a world in dire need of trained women to administer to human needs.

Sincerely yours,  
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The truth is that besides sending us oil and copper and foodstuffs, the Latin American nations have given us many valuable things—their music, scientific information, many new ideas, and a great market for the factories, the lumber mills, and the farms.

Latin America, for many decades, has worked hand in hand with American scientists in the war against disease. The Cuban, Dr. Carlos Finlay, was the first to suggest that mosquitoes carry the germ of yellow fever. Twelve years later, in 1900, a committee of four outstanding physicians proved Dr. Finlay's theories to be true. That has been, perhaps, the greatest contribution made by Latin America to medical science. But there have been many others.

Down in Brazil, in the outskirts of the great coffee city of São Paulo, there is one of the most interesting sights for a traveler—the "Serpentario," or snake farm, of Butantan. On a large plot of land surrounded by a wall and a deep moat, you can see row after row of squat, round houses, where the snakes live. All kinds of vipers are kept there, for the purpose of extracting their poison and making vaccines. And those vaccines are used not only in Brazil, a country larger than the United States—they are sent all over the world; they come to the United States, too, and save many lives in the course of a year.

There is always some American research worker in Butantan, studying the methods followed by the Brazilian scientists for collecting snakes, extracting their venom, and making the precious vaccines. Brazil has never tried to keep this work secret. On the contrary, it welcomes scientists from all the American nations and cooperates with them to bring this knowledge to people everywhere.

At the other end of the world, among the icebergs of the Antarctic Ocean, is a little island called Laurie. Around it is a frozen sea. The wind howls terrifically in winter when the temperature drops to some fifty degrees below zero. For many hundreds of miles around not a human soul lives, except on an occasional lonely ship hunting whales. But on the little island are two small huts, almost covered by the snow which the hurricanes lift in great clouds and pile up in hills. In one of those huts live five men, sent by the government of Argentina, who spend one year at a time (until the relief men come in the summer on an Argentine Navy transport) recording the temperature, the wind direction and velocity, the atmospheric pressure, the humidity, and many other data.

This information is sent to the Argentine Navy Office, but is not kept there. It is sent to meteorological offices everywhere, including the United States, and it is most useful for making weather forecasts.

There are three Bacteriological Institutes in Latin America where work of the highest quality is carried on—in Argentina, Chile, and Mexico. There scientists are always at their microscopes, studying disease-carrying germs, and the means for destroying them and making life safer. All three Institutes keep in touch with medical authorities in the United States and report to them any new development, so that men, women, and children everywhere can have a better chance against illness.

In Buenos Aires and in Bogotá, Colombia, there are Institutes for the study of cancer, that terrible disease that takes so many lives every year. Both Institutes are renowned not only in their own countries but also in the United States and in Europe. They report all their discoveries to medical men the world

over—their purpose is to fight cancer, to save lives, it does not matter where. To these Institutes cancer research in this country owes much.

The medical schools of the Universities of Buenos Aires and Concepción, Chile, open their laboratories to professors and physicians of the United States, and the work they do in looking for new ways to improve the art of healing is extremely important.

Almost every boy in the United States has heard about Luis Firpo, the Argentine prize fighter who knocked Jack Dempsey through the ropes and almost became the heavyweight champion of the world. Moving pictures of the fight are still being shown. But who, outside a few college professors or research workers, has ever heard of the Argentine, Dr. Bernardo Houssay, or the Mexican biologist, Isaac Ochoterena, or the Chilean naturalist, Carlos Porter? Yet these men, working silently and modestly, have done more for the advancement of science than all the prize fighters of the world put together.

Quirós, an Argentine painter, had been working in Europe for many years, doing work similar to that of the French artists. Diego Rivera, a Mexican, also had spent years in the Old World, drawing and painting as they do in Europe. So had many young Americans.

Then war broke out in Europe—in 1914. The artists from the Americas had to go back home. Quirós (his complete name is Cesáreo

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Bernaldo de Quirós) forgot about Paris and went to work in his own native province where he painted a great collection of portraits of *gauchos*—one of the greatest collections there are. It was shown in many cities in the United States and it aroused admiration everywhere—here was something new and beautiful and different.

Diego Rivera went back to his own Mexico and began to paint his own people in his own way. Such was his success that he was called to the United States, where he painted murals on the walls of many public buildings, libraries, and post offices. Inevitably the ideas and techniques of these two painters have influenced and enriched American art, both in South and North America.

Europe, of course, has great treasures of art, and American artists used to get their training and inspiration, quite generally, in Europe. But Europe is very old. The Americas are young, and they do not waste their lives fighting each other. Who knows but that the "old masters" of the future will come from the lands of the Americas?

Latin American music is played everywhere in the United States now. The familiar tunes of Cuban rumbas and Argentine tangos are heard over the radio many times a day. Really, it is a shame that rumbas and tangos are the most popular of the Latin American tunes, because Cuba and Argentina, without mentioning the other countries, have much nicer melodies than those. Rumbas and tangos are among the cheapest of Latin American melodies, as any Cuban or Argentine will tell you.

The people in Havana will ask you to listen to a "danzón," for example, or a "bolero," and you will see right away that these are less noisy and easier to listen to. And if you go to the Argentine provinces they will play for you a "ranchera," or a "gato," and you will agree with them that they sound a lot better than a tango. But few are those who know that distinguished American composers have drawn their inspiration from Latin America. Aaron Copland, for instance, one of the most promising young composers, spent a long time in Mexico, studying folklore, and when he came back to the United States he won a great success with his "Salon Mexico." Another outstanding American composer is William Grant Still. He, too, went to Latin America in search of inspiration. In 1939 his score for an opera on a Haitian subject was completed. He had previously won a success with his "Symphony in G Minor," conducted by Stokowski.

And to make the picture complete, Latin America has furnished talent to the most important opera house in the United States—the Metropolitan of New York. The Brazilian soprano, Bidú Sayão, and the Argentine conductor, Héctor Panizza, are among the favorites of New York opera lovers.

In connection with music, the radio chains of the United States are doing a great service to the public of both this country and Latin America by broadcasting an exchange of programs. Latin Americans are beginning to know the work of the first really great American classical composer, Edward MacDowell, born in 1861, together with that of the great popular composer, Stephen Foster. And American listeners are becoming familiar with such distinguished Latin American composers as the Brazilian, Heitor Villa-Lobos, the Argentine, Juan José Castro, and the Uruguayan, Eduardo Fabiani.

And there is, finally, another contribution made by Latin America to better living in the United States. Back in 1914, when the first World War broke out, most of the Latin American newspapers received their news from European sources. Naturally, most of this "news" became mere propaganda. In Argentina there was a demand for facts, for the truth. People wanted to know exactly what was happening. For that, the great newspaper of Buenos Aires, *La Prensa*, turned to the United States and asked one of the two large press services to supply it with news from the front.

The readers of *La Prensa* wanted to know not only the news itself, but what was behind it. They wanted to know what the reason was for this or that. *La Prensa* ordered special articles from the American press association—not "side lights," or little anecdotes, but serious articles on economics and politics, so that people could better understand what was happening.

These special articles, written by American correspondents in Europe, were sent to Buenos Aires through New York. Here the editors of the press association began to read these articles themselves, became interested in the new idea, and little by little gave them also to their American clients. These, in turn, became interested—and that is how the United Press, now one of the two most important American press services, became what it is to-day—a source of well documented, authentic news. And that is, also, how the public taste for serious journalism in the United States was helped along by the Buenos Aires newspaper, which still prints more foreign news than any other newspaper in the world.



## Lucy Ellen

*comes to the rescue  
of a famous author  
in the  
APRIL  
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*Who's Who in This Issue*

### HIGH LIGHTS FOR APRIL

★ **A Name I Won't Forget** by Frances Fitzpatrick Wright.

That's what the famous author said when he heard Lucy Ellen's—while she, in turn, made the illuminating discovery that heroes are much more human when they have feet of clay.

★ **Ann Goes to the National Gallery** by Ray Tyler

Nourse, illustrated with many reproductions of the famous works of art which are housed in Andrew Mellon's princely gift to the nation—an article packed with fascinating lore about pictures and the artists who painted them.

★ **The Biter Bitten** by Edith Ballinger Price. Bushy, urged

on by spring fever, redecorates her room—but spring inspires Lofty to a different activity, one that proves more embarrassing for him than for his sister.

★ **Landing Fields for Birds** by Raymond L. Deck. A

favorite nature author for THE AMERICAN GIRL tells about the long migrations made by birds every spring and fall—handsome aviators on peaceful missions between North and South America—and their need for safe, protected landing fields as stopovers on long flights.

★ **Lynn's Emergency** by Margaret Young Lull. Lynn's

brother, an airplane pilot, did not approve of girls learning to fly, but Lynn believed in the Girl Scout motto, Be Prepared.

★ **KATHARINE O. WRIGHT**, author of "Sabastine and Moireta" (page 5), lives in Tarrytown, New York and is Commissioner of Girl Scouts for her community. On a trip to England she met the family of Violet Powell and later came to know the young Irish sculptress well. Miss Wright has contributed articles to *The Atlantic Monthly* and is the author of "Twenty-five Years of Girl Scouting," published by Girl Scouts, Inc. . . . ★ **LAURA OSMAN VUWINK** lives in California and is one of the movie reviewers for *Parents' Magazine*—both of which facts helped her to secure material for "Sabu" which appears on page 17. She has a daughter who is a faithful reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL. . . . ★ **BETTY PECKHAM**, who wrote "Can You Qualify as a Sky Hostess?" (page 24) is school librarian for the Bloomfield, New Jersey, Junior High School. She had to tell so many eager book borrowers that there were no books on airliner stewardesses that she decided to write one herself. The result is "Sky Hostess," published last year by Thomas Nelson & Sons. Her daughter Sylvia, who is a member of a Girl Scout troop in Newark, is ambitious to become a sky hostess, but the chances are she will be too tall, unless bigger planes are built by the time she grows up. . . . ★ **JULIA M. SETON** is the wife of the famous naturalist, artist-author, and authority on Indians, Ernest Thompson Seton. She and her husband have lectured all over the United States and Europe, giving recitals of Indian songs and stories. Their three-year-old daughter, Beulah, has appeared with them in Indian costume since she was seven months old. The Setons make their permanent home in Santa Fe, New Mexico, where they founded the Seton Institute. Mrs. Seton's Indian stories, of which "The Creation of the Land" (page 23) is the first, will appear later in book form.



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